TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IX | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1932 | NUMBER 22

The Know-Nothings

THERE is no use dodging the problem any longer—Americans of the old stock who have dropped behind in the race for civilization must be educated. What with economic illiterates who would destroy the purchasing power of Europe in order to collect $16.29 due them in war debts, and dry die-hards who have lost interest in temperance now that they are being denied prohibition, we have trouble enough on our hands; nevertheless the plucky efforts to educate the isolated mountaineers of our South must be extended to Massachusetts where native whites who have no such excuse are organizing a new party of the Know-Nothings. The Woman Patriot Corporation has begun by confusing relativity with communism.

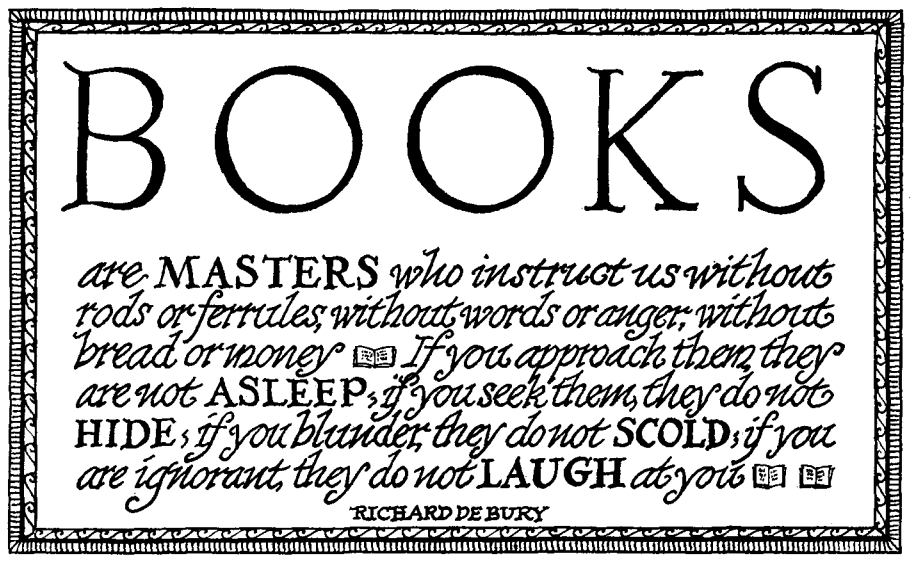
The attempt of these women to have Einstein excluded from America was more than the cackling of geese. It was more than an outrage against the principle of freedom for intellectual speculation, upon which modern society and its culture is founded. It was stupidity, and nothing is so dangerous as stupidity. If those other backward Americans, the mountain whites, had protested against Einstein's admission because his relativity endangered their fundamentalism, such an action would have been prejudiced and against public interest, but certainly not stupid. But Mrs. Frothingham's organization, in humiliating the leading mathematical thinker of the world because, like all idealists, he does not believe in war, was so unintelligent as to assume that this makes him a communist.

Communists are internationalists.
Internationalists are pacifists.
Einstein is a pacifist.
Hence Einstein is a communist.

Thus runs their fallacious reasoning. The mountaineers, when they were brought down in wartime to the training camps, thought they were in France, since all outside the mountains was foreign to them; and with equal stupidity these women assume that anyone who does not agree with their ideas of patriotism must be a Bolshevik.

Of course their prejudice is no more true patriotism than the brick hove through the window of the British Ambassador by a disgruntled Irishman, or the belief (still prevalent among the mountain whites) that all foreigners are degenerates. It is anti-patriotism, since if the Know-Nothings had their way no first-rate mind could be sure of admission to America. Gandhi is against machines, MacDonald is a Socialist, and so is Bernard Shaw, Eddington is a Quaker and presumably a pacifist, Pavlov is a Russian (which settles him), Toscanini objects to Fascism and hence by inference to the Woman Patriot Corporation, Herriot is a radical, Rivera was a Mexican communist, Spengler does not subscribe to the doctrine of manifest destiny for the American republic. No really eminent European of recent times seems to have been secure of a warm welcome except Mr. Kreuger, who knew how to handle stupidity.

Is there no way to protect intelligent Americans, and foreigners who are leaders in a civilization which we share with them, against such bad taste, discourtesy, ignorance, and sheer stupidity? Is there no way to educate our backward Americans?


BOOKS
are MASTERS who instruct us without rods or ferrules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not ASLEEP; if you seek them, they do not HIDE; if you blunder, they do not SCOLD; if you are ignorant, they do not LAUGH at you.
RICHARD DE BURY

CALLIGRAPHED FOR THE *Saturday Review* BY R. J. BUCHOLZ.

Style in a Democracy

By IRVING BABBITT

STYLE, in the sense in which I am planning to use the word, is, like most other things that are worthwhile, the result of a difficult mediation. It goes without saying that a man's style should have about it something highly individual; but it is at least equally important that it should have about it something structural, and this structural quality can arise only from the subordination of the uniqueness that each one of us receives as a free gift of nature to some larger whole. Mr. Carl Sandburg is plainly using the word style in a very one-sided fashion when he writes:

Go on talking.
Only don't take my style away.
It's my face.
Maybe no good
but anyway, my face.

As Mr. Brownell has shown in his book on "The Genius of Style," this is not what Buffon meant when he said that the style is the man. As a matter of fact Buffon not only delivered his Discourse on Style before the Academy but he was himself very much in the academic tradition. He did not associate style primarily with the urge to self-expression, but rather, in his own phrase, with the "order and movement that one puts into one's thoughts." Style in this sense has been defined by Mr. Brownell as that "factor of a work of art which preserves in every part some sense of the form of the whole." Buffon is so ready, indeed, to sacrifice the local and the particular to the total effect that he would have us describe things only "by the most general terms," a doctrine that is pseudo-classic rather than genuinely classic, and that led at all events to the romantic protest in the name of local color.

In general in the period that has elapsed since the eighteenth century there has been a tendency to favor the picturesque variety and profusion of nature and to regard as arbitrary and artificial the imposition of any pattern upon this profusion; we incline in particular to regard any attempt thus to restrict and limit the native luxuriance of language as mere impoverishment. The French Academy, on the contrary, has assumed traditionally towards language an attitude that is at the utmost remove from our cult of naturalness and spontaneity. It is in no small measure as a result of the efforts of the Academy, especially in the seventeenth century, that French is probably more than any other language, ancient or modern, a work of conscious art. The Academy was in the intention of its founders only one organ of a society that had got together, worked out a convention, that is, in the literal sense, as to what is truly human and distinguished; that had, in short, achieved style in a very different meaning of the word from that given to it by Mr. Sandburg. The standard of good usage set up by the Academy in its Dictionary reflected the views of a comparatively small social group at Paris, many of the members of which were affiliated with the court. The men of letters, including the Academicians, met the aristocrats in the drawing-rooms and discussed with them problems of style, especially perhaps in their relation to choice of vocabulary. These discussions frequently determined the decisions of the Academy. It is not surprising that those who belonged to this inner circle came to feel that they had power of life and death over words. "If the word *feliciter* is not yet French," writes one of the ladies of the drawing-rooms, "it will be next year, and M. de Vaugelas has promised me not to be opposed to it when we solicit its reception."

It has been said of the early Academicians that they weighed words as a miser might weigh gold on his balances. In general no question of literary technique was too minute to escape their attention. Thus the Academy, we are told, devoted several weeks to a microscopic scrutiny of an ode of Malherbe's and even then without getting beyond the first stanzas. It undoubtedly laid itself open to the charge of pushing its cult of purity of style to the point of purism. Fénelon complains that in their reaction from certain dubious verbal coinages of Ronsard and the Pléiade, Malherbe and his successors in the Academy inclined to the opposite extreme at the risk of "impoverishing, desiccating, and unduly restricting our language." Yet the Academy in spite of its tendency to be over-meticulous, to grant too much to art and not enough to nature, can be seen in the retrospect to have been one of the agencies that not only prepared the way for the great classic age of Louis XIV, but gave to the French language the stylistic

(*Continued on next page*)

Some Small Part of Life

YOUNG WOMAN OF 1914. By ARNOLD ZWEIG. Translated by ERIC SUTTON. New York: The Viking P ess: 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE new novel by the author of "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" really precedes the latter in point of time, and is, as we understand it, the second section of what Zweig plans to be a five-part narrative, "Young Woman of 1914" being again preceded by a prelude called "Advance of Youth," and followed by "Education before Verdun," while "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," fourth in the series, will be followed, finally, by "The Crowning of a King." Each novel will stand on its own feet, and may be read as a separate story, but it is only fair to the author that the monumental plan of his work should be kept in mind.

For tempo and texture are here rather different from what they might be were Zweig writing his story of a young war bride detached from the stream of events which preceded and followed it. There is not the same necessity—or tendency—to usher the reader into a neat sequence of actions which begins, moves, and ends with something of the brisk pace and finality of a piece in the theatre.

There is, first of all, the war itself; that vast abnormality which serves as the background and to a certain extent the motive force of all the complex of human events of which "Young Woman of 1914" is but one of the parts. The war is the emotional climate of this and all the other books. Then the characters themselves will, eventually, have been seen before, and are, perhaps, to be seen again. No

(*Continued on page* 328)

This Week

NINTH CIRCLE.
By HAROLD VINAL.

"MARY LINCOLN."
Reviewed by WILLIAM H. TOWNSEND.

"THE WIFE OF ROSSETTI."
Reviewed by FRANCES WINWAR.

"SUMMER IS ENDED."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"HOLD YOUR TONGUE."
Reviewed by ZACHARIAH CHAFEE.

"PROFITS OR PROSPERITY?"
Reviewed by SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE.

"A SCIENTIST AMONG THE SOVIETS."
Reviewed by WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN.

"TALLEYRAND."
Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN.

"MEN AGAINST DEATH."
Reviewed by HENRY R. VIETS, M.D.

"THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CONSCIOUSNESS."
Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW.

"THRILLS OF A NATURALIST'S QUEST."
Reviewed by WALTER A. DYER.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"VICTORIAN SUNSET."
Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Style in a Democracy

(*Continued from preceding page*)

superiority that it has retained in some measure even to the present day.

> Ah! do not say (writes Renan) that they achieved nothing, those obscure wits of the seventeenth century, whose lives were spent in passing judgment upon words and weighing syllables. They achieved a masterpiece — the French language. They rendered an inappreciable service to the human spirit by creating the Dictionary, by preserving us from that undefined liberty which is fatal to languages . . . A man has really attained to his full maturity of mind only when he has come to see that the Dictionary of the Academy contains all that is needed for the expression of every thought, however delicate or novel or refined it may be.

Renan displays for the Dictionary of the Academy a respect that was becoming even in his own day somewhat exceptional. A conflict between old and new had grown up in language as elsewhere that Sainte-Beuve sums up in two words: court and democracy. "The present moment," he continues, "is in certain respects the exact opposite of that of Vaugelas" (who was, you may remember, one of the chief arbiters of speech in the early French Academy);

> then everything tended to purity and polish; today everything seems to be moving in the opposite direction . . . then all doubtful words were asking to get out of the language; today all plebeian, practical, technical, and even adventurous words are clamorously forcing their way into the language.

The Frenchman of the Old Régime was no doubt at times too narrow and exclusive in his selectiveness. Another and far graver error is to seek, like the equalitarian democrat, to get rid of the selective and aristocratic principle altogether. The cult of the common man that the equalitarian democrat encourages, is hard to distinguish from the cult of commonness. This type of democracy seemed to Scherer to threaten nothing less than "the corruption of that magnificent language that three centuries of great writers had brought to an incomparable degree of perfection."

This deterioration in purity of speech, this crisis in French (*crise du français*) as it was later to be called, Scherer already ascribes to the "invasion of Americanism." From that day to this Europeans have been wont to associate everything that has made for loss of distinction, for the breakdown of cultural standards, with the baleful influence of America. We hear, to quote the titles of recent books, of "America the Menace," and even of "America the Cancer." Señor Ortega y Gasset is surely right in refusing to make America solely responsible for the emergence of what he terms the mass man. Europe has been breaking with its own past, he says in substance, on lines that would have meant the emergence of this man, America or no America. *El hombre medio,* or mass man, as Señor Ortega y Gasset defines him, is ready to profit by the immense machinery of power and material comfort built up with the aid of physical science. This machinery he mistakenly supposes to be as much a part of the inevitable order of things as the succession of the seasons. At the same time he is lazily self-indulgent, refusing to discipline himself to the standards that are necessary for the attainment of style and of distinction in general. His psychology in short is that of the spoiled child.

We are coming here to an aspect of the problem of style distinctly different from the one I have been discussing for the most part thus far. Style calls not only for fine craftsmanship—the verbal purity, for example, on which the early French Academy put such emphasis: it also bears a relation to one's total outlook on life. There is evidently a balance to be maintained between technique or outer form and inner form or substance. The failure to maintain any such balance is at bottom what Plato attacked in the sophists. One is sometimes tempted to look on certain contemporary professors of English who instruct ingenuous youth in the art of expressing itself before it has anything to express as in the direct line of descent from a Gorgias or a Protagoras. An undue preoccupation with the rhetorical niceties of speech seems to have been a weakness not merely of the sophists but of the Greeks in general.

> The spirit of rhetoric (says Jowett) was soon to spread over all Hellas; and Plato with prophetic insight may have seen from afar, the great literary waste or dead level or interminable marsh into which Greek literature was soon to disappear.

Certain exceptions need to be made to this statement. I should make an exception above all for the treatise of Longinus's "On the Sublime"; or perhaps I should say the treatise of the so-called Longinus on the so-called Sublime. For, according to modern scholars, it is not by the historical Longinus, who lived in the third century A.D., but by a Great Unknown of the first century of our era. It is again scarcely on the Sublime in the sense that word has come to have since the eighteenth century. It actually deals with the sources of elevation or distinction in writing; it is in short a treatise on style, probably the best in any language. It was so regarded by Boileau, himself a living embodiment of the conception of style that had been worked out with the coöperation of the Academy; as translated by Boileau it exercised a salutary influence on French literature during its great creative period. The treatise maintains an admirable balance between the two main elements in style. It deals in minute detail with craftsmanship; at the same time it insists that literary excellence must arise primarily from loftiness of spirit. Longinus mentions as especially incompatible with this loftiness the love of money and the love of pleasure, vices that seem to have been rampant in his day as they certainly are in ours. I incline indeed to the belief that we are living in the most un-Longinian of epochs. What would seem to be lacking in an almost unparalleled degree, not merely in contemporary literature but in contemporary life, is the note of nobility. According to a recent English writer, many of the damned in Dante's Hell have a higher sense of human dignity than the race of mortals now above ground.

Here again Europeans have been indulging unduly their penchant for making a scapegoat of America. Matthew Arnold already charged Americans with a special disregard of the admonition of the apostle to seek "whatsoever things are elevated." Without attempting a full discussion of so difficult a topic I am willing to express the conviction that the present contagion of commonness is not to be blamed exclusively on this country. It results rather from a vast movement, primarily English in origin, that has been sweeping over the whole of the western world and even invading the East, a movement that in one of its main aspects has been sentimental and in the other utilitarian. The sentimentalist is prone to make of a diffusive, unselective sympathy a substitute for all the other virtues. Even in this matter of elevation he seems to be looking down rather than up. Gray, for example, dreams of the "mute, inglorious" Miltons who are probably sleeping in country churchyards, because "chill Penury repressed their noble rage." A large section of the class to which Gray refers has since risen well above the level of penury, but there has been no appreciable increase in the number of Miltons. It is difficult, to be sure, to draw the line between the sentimental denial of selection and the legitimate desire to give to selection a broader basis. If Gray is sentimental in his Elegy, Burke is not sentimental when he says that he does not wish "to confine power, authority, and distinction to blood and names and titles. . . . There is no qualification . . . but virtue and wisdom, actual or presumptive. Wherever they are actually found, they have, in whatever state, condition, profession, or trade, the passport of Heaven to human place and honor."

For the natural aristocracy, as Burke terms it, that might result from the broadening of the basis of selection a mere aristocracy of birth is at best a clumsy substitute. It may be doubted, however, whether we have been achieving in a satisfactory degree this difficult mediation between the aristocratic and democratic principles, whether we are doing as much, for example, to maintain standards of style and good taste as was accomplished by the older aristocracy. Our intellectuals have been devoting much energy of late years to denouncing "Puritanism" and the "genteel tradition." They might have been better employed in considering how far the triumph of the utilitarian-sentimental view of life over the humanistic and religious traditions of the Occident has been in the general interest of civilization. The utilitarians and sentimentalists have prevailed especially in the field of education, above all in this country. Let us reflect on what this means in the case of the most renowned of living American philosophers, Professor John Dewey, whose influence is all-pervasive in our education and extends even to China and Bolshevist Russia. Professor Dewey does not hesitate to identify experience with scientific experiment. It follows that immense areas of what the past had taken to be genuine experience, either religious or humanistic, experience that has been transmitted to us in consecrated masterpieces, must, inasmuch as it cannot be tested scientifically, be dismissed as mere moonshine.

A utilitarian philosophy like that of Professor Dewey will be found to lead as a rule to the enthronement of the specialist. The specialist who burrows ever more deeply into a sub-segment of some field of knowledge without even relating his investigations to the totality of this field, is likely to fall far short of style as Buffon conceived it. The writer or artist who inbreeds his temperamental urges in the name of self-expression is also a specialist in his fashion. The merit of the French Academy from the start was to oppose the idea of proportionateness to everything that seemed to it unduly partial and one-sided. Its point of view was in short that of the *honnête homme*. I am aware of all that may be alleged against this older type of humanist. In his fear of specialized knowledge he often fell into superficiality, his good form verged at times upon formalism, he was prone to confound the decorous with the merely genteel. One should not, however, reject the underlying conception along with its perversions. The idea that one should strive to glimpse the total symmetry of life and with reference to this symmetry to maintain some degree of poise and centrality is in itself a precious one. "What should be regretted," says Renan in his essay on the Academy, "is the *honnête homme* in the sense attached to this phrase by the seventeenth century, I mean the man free from the narrow views of every profession, having neither the manners nor the intellectual bias of any class."

You will notice that Renan's commendation of the *honnête homme* has a reminiscent flavor. The French Academy is, however, doing something even today to maintain the standards that make for style against the encroachments of an equalitarian democracy. Is it possible for an academy to perform a similar function in America? No member of such an academy would be, I fancy, oversanguine as to what may be accomplished under American conditions. There is the initial difficulty of establishing an effective contact with the public in a country so vast and so decentralized. Voltaire, we are told, once replied to a delegation from a provincial academy which informed him that their academy was the eldest daughter of the French Academy: "Yes, gentlemen, eldest daughter, virtuous daughter who has never got herself talked about." An academy as a matter of fact needs to get itself talked about, though not, of course, by a resort to the more trivial arts of publicity. The French Academy attracted attention to itself from the outset by handing down a judgment on Corneille's "Cid." Sainte-Beuve regretted that the Academy had not handed down other similar judgments, especially in the case of works that were being widely discussed and divided public opinion. The Academy has just published the grammar that was part of its original design after a delay of three centuries; so that it may yet put forth some modern equivalent of its "Sentiments sur le Cid." To make an American application: In his address before the Swedish Academy in 1930, Mr. Sinclair Lewis expressed with the utmost candor his views about the American Academy of Arts and Letters. That Academy might conceivably return the compliment and express *its* views about the writings of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, not in a spirit of satire, I scarcely need say, but on the contrary, with the utmost impartiality of which it is capable; or the Academy might go farther and issue from time to time, perhaps in collaboration with the National Institute, a survey of the contemporary American achievement in art and literature. A survey of this kind would no doubt be seriously mistaken in some of its critical estimates; in any case it would be received in certain quarters with ridicule. If the history of the French Academy proves anything, it is that the last thing an academy need fear is ridicule. The French Academy has been copiously ridiculed almost from the year of its foundation. If it ceased to be ridiculed, it would be a sigh, one is tempted to say, that the French no longer took it seriously. One should add that many of those who have been most epigrammatic at the expense of the Academy have themselves become later model academicians.

An Academy should therefore without fear of ridicule take any measures that seem likely to extend its influence. It has been suggested that a practice of the French Academy that it might imitate is that of "crowning" books of marked merit. Various other devices have been developed, not merely by the French Academy but by the other four academies of the Institute, for aiding the public to assess the value of current achievement in their respective fields. Some of these devices might perhaps be adapted to American conditions. Such measures should have as their end the encouragement of work, whether artistic or literary, that satisfies in some degree the two-fold Longinian test, that combines, in other words, elevation of general conception with technical excellence. They may thus contribute to the solution of the problem of style in a democracy.

Address on the Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield Foundation before the American Academy of Arts and Letters, November 10, 1932.

Ninth Circle

By HAROLD VINAL

THEY who wept here are weeping still in heaven,
Blest and redeemed and endlessly forgiven,
Whiskered and pious, Uncle Caleb and
Cousin Edwina, with the ringless hand.
There, in the Vales of Mediocrity,
They discourse ever in sweet charity,
And on the plains of heavenly edelweiss
They think perhaps of us who were not nice.
No dull angelic pilot brought us here,
Charon it was who whispered in our ear.
Dear, dear Edwina, you could never doubt
That love was evil, so you did without.
Now shrivelled, up in Paradise you sit,
Saying those prayers of yours, devoid of wit.
But even so sweet Cousin, we survive—
For it was laughter kept our hearts alive.

Camilla Lacey, near Dorking, in Surrey, with its "Burney Garden," in which Fanny Burney is said to have done much of her writing, is to be sold.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln

MARY LINCOLN, WIFE AND WIDOW. By CARL SANDBURG. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932. $3.50.

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By W. A. EVANS, M.D. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. TOWNSEND

THESE two books, one by a gifted man of letters, whose "Abraham Lincoln" has already won him wide recognition in this field of literature, the other by an eminent physician, afford an opportunity for the first time fairly to appraise the wife of the Civil War President. Both are written largely from the same source material, but from different viewpoints—one biological, the other pathological.

"Mary Lincoln, Wife and Widow," is a vivid portrait of the most misunderstood woman in American history. Here we find the wilful, light-hearted, impulsive, mischievous daughter of an aristocratic Kentucky banker, dashing through the streets of Lexington on her white pony; the brilliant, coquettish belle of Springfield society, wooed in a desultory fashion by the self-conscious and diffident Lincoln; the uneventful, though comparatively happy years as the wife of a circuit riding lawyer; the Washington period, so strongly intermixed with gayety and sorrow. Then the stunning horror of Lincoln's assassination, his widow's mental and physical prostration, and the long, shadowy aftertime that brought down upon her hot condemnation that smolders even yet.

One of the high lights of Mr. Sandburg's book is the splendid chapter dealing with the long-mooted circumstances of the estrangement between Mary Todd and Lincoln in 1841. The contents of recently discovered letters written by Mary to her chum, Mercy Levering, and the correspondence between Miss Levering and her fiancé, James C. Conkling, which Mr. Sandburg has dug up, would seem to explode Herndon's popular version, that on January first of that year the wedding guests were assembled, the bride dressed and waiting, but Lincoln went crazy and failed to appear. From these contemporary documents now produced for the first time, it is apparent that this dramatic incident, as related by Herndon, could not have happened; that no date for the marriage had been set, and that, while the engagement was undoubtedly broken on Lincoln's initiative, the break was so quietly accomplished that even the close friends of the couple actually thought it was Lincoln who had been jilted.

The few minor inaccuracies which have crept into the book will doubtless be eliminated in future editions. Mr. Sandburg quotes at length from the reminiscences of Mary Todd's "sister," Elizabeth. This girlhood companion, however, was not Elizabeth Todd, who married Ninian Edwards, but Elizabeth Humphreys, of Frankfort, Kentucky, later Mrs. Norris, a niece of Mary's stepmother, who lived for several years in the Todd home. Upon Willie Lincoln's death at the White House in 1862, his body was not sent west for burial, but was interred in Oak Hill Cemetery in Georgetown, D. C., until his father's funeral train carried both caskets back to Illinois.

Sandburg tells us what Mrs. Lincoln was. Dr. Evans tells us why she was what she was. His "Mrs. Abraham Lincoln" is a calm, unbiased, candid study of her hitherto unprobed personality.

Starting with her girlhood at Lexington, he finds indications of an "introvert personality"—a marked tendency to look within—which was partly inherited and partly a result of childhood conflicts.

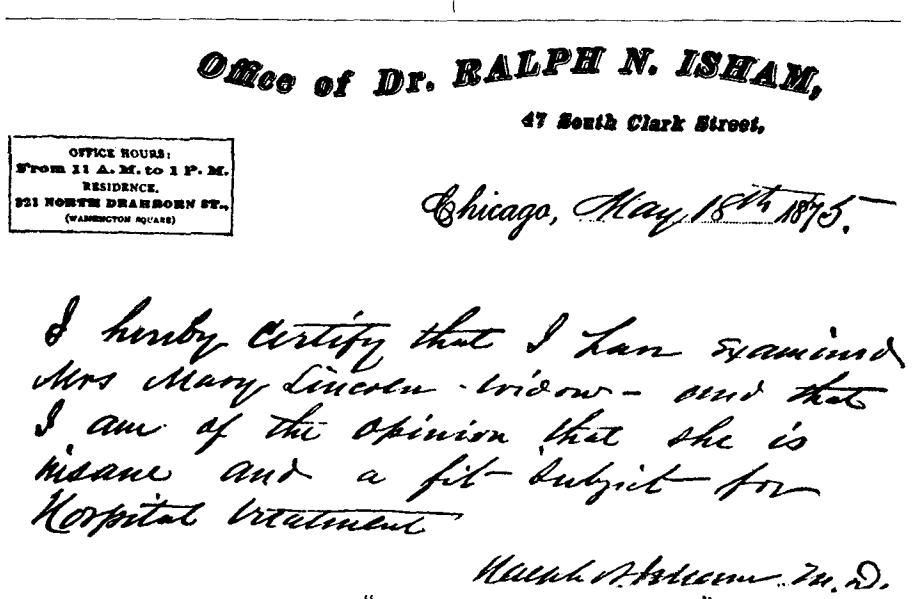
According to Dr. Evans, the Springfield period was probably the best of Mary's life. Then came the great achievement, and about this time the real deterioration of Mary Lincoln's personality began. Going to New York, before the inauguration, she bought vast quantities of dress goods, lace curtains, expensive ornaments, and jewelry, exhibiting a lack of judgment in these matters that later became a most significant quality of her insanity. The death of her young son in 1862 was a severe shock to her emotions, and then came the added burden of anxiety over her debts, which had reached the staggering sum of $70,000.00. The President, of course, knew nothing of this situation, and the importunity of creditors, who had taken advantage of her mania for extravagant buying, kept her in constant fear of exposure.

Following the tragedy at Ford's theatre, Mrs. Lincoln's decline was rapid and permanent. She was obsessed by delusions of poverty. Her attempt to sell her wardrobe and personal belongings at auction to pay debts evoked a flood of bitter criticism that went far beyond the bounds of justice. Congress was tardy and sullen in granting a pension, and this weighed heavily upon her.

In 1871, Tad, her youngest son, died at the Clifton House in Chicago, and under this last blow Mrs. Lincoln's collapse was complete. Finally her condition became so grave that it was necessary to have her formally adjudged insane and committed to the Bellevue Place Sanatorium at Batavia, Illinois. After several months she was released in care of her brother-in-law, Ninian W. Edwards, and taken back to her sister's home in Springfield. Here Mrs. Lincoln, after a second trip abroad, spent the last days of her tragic life, a quiet, gentle, frail little old woman, sitting alone in her bedroom in the daytime with shades drawn—a candle burning dimly—surrounded by trunks and boxes of silk dress-goods, and other finery, which she hoarded but no longer took any interest in.

Mrs. Lincoln's insanity, according to Dr. Evans, was a deep-seated emotional disturbance of a type now called "involutional." He believes that she was wholly irresponsible after April 1865, and not accountable for some of her actions during the White House period.

There is some unnecessary repetition in the book, and it would seem that the author does not always present his facts in their proper chronological order. But he sets them all down carefully as he would the history of a patient in his office, and with keen discernment makes a convincing diagnosis.


Office of Dr. RALPH N. ISHAM,
47 South Clark Street,
OFFICE HOURS:
From 11 A. M. to 1 P. M.
RESIDENCE,
921 NORTH DEARBORN ST.,
(WASHINGTON SQUARE)
Chicago, May 18th 1875.
I hereby certify that I have examined Mrs Mary Lincoln - widow - and that I am of the opinion that she is insane and a fit subject for Hospital treatment
Ralph N. Isham M. D.

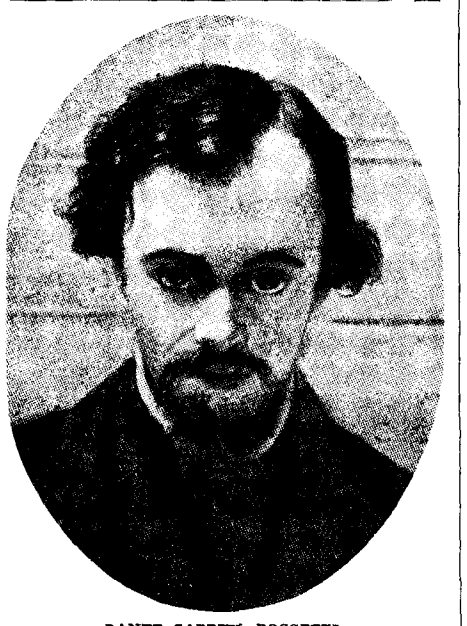
REPRODUCED FROM "MARY LINCOLN, WIFE AND WIDOW."

This New Biography

THE WIFE OF ROSSETTI. By VIOLET HUNT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by FRANCES WINWAR

HAD Violet Hunt's "The Wife of Rossetti" been given to the world as highly-colored fiction, no one would have had any quarrel with it. Since it appears as biography, based on truth, or at least, fact, an examination must be made of its authorities in justice to Dante Gabriel Rossetti who, through Miss Hunt's zeal for her "heroine," stands condemned. "My sources for this Life are chiefly oral," Miss Hunt forewarns us. To what degree oral can sources be before they lose authenticity and become gossip? By 1862, before Miss Hunt was born, Mrs. Rossetti was dead; by 1882 her husband had joined her. The close of the century saw William Michael Rossetti alone of the immediate family still alive. But William had already made, and continued to make, such compendious use of the material he had collected, that he would scarcely have lent an "outsider" manuscripts "of which his sister-in-law's escritoire had been full." Granting his generosity, how is it Miss Hunt has not a word of poor Lizzie's writings which has not appeared—many times—in print?



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

It is, however, when Miss Hunt gives "her best thanks" among others to Oliver Madox Brown — familiarly Nolly — who died when Miss Hunt was either unborn or in swaddling clothes,—a precocious age at which to have been gathering material for a biography to appear fifty-eight years later,—that suspicion is aroused. Throughout the book there is a formidable amount of wilful distortion of fact, garbled quotation and misrepresentation, wilful because records are either utterly ignored or tampered with to suit the author's purposes. Events which happened to one individual, Miss Hunt foists upon another. Letters, happenings: Miss Hunt deals freely with them in spite of the authentic recorded word. Upon no basis whatsoever, she builds a love affair between a young disciple of Gabriel's and Lizzie; later she makes Swinburne fall in love with her. "She was the only woman in his life, ever," Miss Hunt declares, blithely sweeping aside Swinburne's beautiful friendship with Lady Trevelyan and his frustrate love for Jane Faulkner with its result in perhaps the most sensitive lyric he ever wrote. Regardless of time or propriety, she identifies Lizzie with Félise, which poem was not written till Lizzie had been two years buried! But it suits Miss Hunt to motivate her fiction with a triangle. Nothing can prevent her, not even Swinburne's avowal of his "*brotherly* affection."

Rossetti himself is painted as a selfish voluptuary of no great genius, who, indifferent to his wife's ill health, compelled her to languish, another Pia, in the Maremma of Chatham Place. How much is made of the fetid atmosphere whose work of destruction—alas for Miss Hunt's plan—Lizzie prevented by dying of an overdose of laudanum! But then, a heightening of local color is excusable, and it must be said that Miss Hunt has done justice to it. It is in the portrayal of her two principal characters that she sins on the side of sensationalism. Of the invalid Lizzie she makes a Freudian subject, sex-starved and yearning for maternity. Here, too, for the sake of effect, the author, disregarding simple chronology, has Lizzie fail a number of times before her confinement. As a matter of record, the Rossetti's were married on May 23, 1860 when Lizzie was so ill that she was believed to be dying. She was delivered of a still-born child on May 2, 1861, two weeks after the confinement was expected. A niggling fact? It is important, however, because so much is built on this frustration, even her suicide (?) for which Miss Hunt adduces a note pinned on Lizzie's nightgown that fatal night: a note which nobody saw, not the two housekeepers whom Rossetti left with his wife when he rushed for help, not Dr. Hutchinson nor the other medical men, not Gabriel himself, it seems, but only Ford Madox Brown, who came after the physicians had been working several hours over the unconscious Lizzie. "The exact terms . . . were never given to the public by Mr. Madox Brown," Miss Hunt tells us.

How then did she get them? Did he communicate them to her in 1894 with his dying breath? What reason could Brown have had for telling the world at last? We cannot question the dead source for this "oral" tradition. The message itself is suspect. "My life is so miserable I wish for no more of it." But it fits in well with the plot Miss Hunt weaves about Rossetti. The facts as narrated follow. Lizzie and Gabriel go to meet Swinburne at a restaurant. Swinburne is slightly drunk, and Lizzie scolds him. Gabriel, shocked at the scene, takes Lizzie home and quarrels with her. Then he tells her he is going to the Workingmen's College (where he had a class). Lizzie pleads with him to stay, but he leaves, shortly after nine o'clock. On his return he finds Lizzie dying. By half-past eleven he has brought Dr. Hutchinson to her bedside.

According to Miss Hunt Rossetti had been with a mistress and not at the College. It wasn't his night there, Miss Hunt emphasizes in a footnote. He had gone across the river to Wapping, fulfilled a rendezvous, and come back "soothed and satiate." . . . Now on page 129 Miss Hunt says: "His day (at the College) was Monday and remained Monday until after his wife's death. . . . This date is significant." It is indeed *very* significant. The night Lizzie lay dying after that ill-fated supper party was *Monday*, February 10, 1862. What made Miss Hunt stress, "No, it wasn't?" Did she confuse it perhaps with the date of Lizzie's death, next morning? But did she not note in the inquest, upon which she elaborates so freely, the iteration of the witnesses, "I was sent for on *Monday* night. . . ." "They dined with me on *Monday*. . . ." Or was it, as one is led to surmise, because the truth is not so titillating as fiction?

ELIZABETH SIDDAL, WIFE OF ROSSETTI.

In her desire to do Lizzie justice Miss Hunt has libelled one without whom the obscure little milliner's assistant would never have been heard of, but through whom she has achieved the double immortality of a Laura and a Mona Lisa.

"Hamlet" is to be performed in Turki (the Tartar language) at the opening of the season at the State Theatre at Simferopol, in the Tartar Republic.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Young Woman of 1914

(*Continued from page 325*)

hurry, therefore; no straining for the drama of surprise or accident, for mere "theatre." It is a latitude, an epoch we are

FROM "MY WAR,"
by Szegedi Szuts.

entering, as one crosses a frontier into an unfamiliar country whose character must needs be felt in terms of small details and individual experience.

The author's special preoccupation in "Young Woman of 1914" is with the young generation, in particular the feminine side of it, which was nearing maturity when the war broke out. Lenore Wahl, daughter of well-to-do Jewish parents, had fallen in love with a gifted young writer—another Zweig, shall we say?—ere the war descended on them and all their European world. Both were "good Germans," in the sense that they felt themselves part-owners of, as well as those destined to carry on, Germany's intellectual and spiritual heritage, and yet, as generally was the case with German Jews of their type, they stood somewhat outside—and as they may have felt, above—the sword-rattling and *real-politik* of what was then the German leading class.

Nevertheless, when young Werner Bertin was called up for service and became perforce an obedient, unthinking cog in that tremendous machine which, for the moment, embodied "Germany," even he couldn't escape the contagion of that onrushing torrent of masculinity, couldn't help seeming to write down, protectingly and just the least bit patronizingly, to the poor girl left behind. "Be brave, by dearest, and do not despair. For I'll come back to you someday!"—or so his brave, cheerful letters sounded to Lenore.

For she had already fought her own woman's battle alone; hiding it from her unsuspecting parents, without the help of the absent warrior. She had had their unborn child taken from her, for marriage (for reasons which I do not think the author makes quite convincing) was out of the question for the time, and Werner hadn't even been willing to take what seemed to her the decent sporting chance of overstaying his leave for a few days.

In the end, she took their union into her own determined and quietly capable hands, as she had taken that earlier crisis, for "it was none other than love that had come upon her—love that suffers, schemes, creates; just love." And there was a "wedding with roses" and a breathless twenty-four hours of utter happiness before the D-train steamed out of Charlottenburg station and Lenore went back home to clasp the young husband's cracked leather trunk with convulsive fingers and sob, "Dear lad, come back—Oh, come back!"

That is all there is to the "story." But the idyl is imbedded in and swept along with the whole human torrent of its time—the war itself, on the fringes of which the narrative is always hovering; the ironic humors and pettinesses behind the proud façade of the military machine; more especially, the life that went on behind the house-fronts and in the minds and hearts of those left at home.

The novel has breadth and nobility, no less than intimate understanding and tenderness. The hatefulness and futility of the war is a constant undertone rather than something thrust on us with petulance and shrillness. All that complex of details comprised in the word "home"—even to the jars of preserves stowed away in the cool, clean cellar—are filled in as calmly and affectionately as if war had never been heard of, and on the next page a few paragraphs will give us the sense of common tragedy overhanging all Europe from the Vistula to the Marne. The ease and poise, the union of reticence with fulness and authority, are such as are found only in work of the first order. No quirks and cranks, no mere cleverness or idle, self-conscious gestures. The writer himself has the self-effacing air of one content to serve merely as an instrument, through which flows, almost without effort of his own, some small part of ultimate truth.

The American Scene

SUMMER IS ENDED. By JOHN HERRMANN. New York: Covici, Friede. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

ONE of those serious young writers who are emotionally and intelligently enlisted in Farmers Holiday in Kansas and in the march of hungry men on Washington, John Herrmann in his new novel, "Summer Is Ended," writes not at all as the literary revolutionist but always as the artist, detached, understanding, and working in a prose which builds irony and drama with almost passionate simplicity and restraint.

American life as Mr. Herrmann portrays it in his stark succession of simple sentences is not the dramatic conflict of barricaded farmers or dingy men marching on white Washington. As citizen these have stirred him, but as artist he knows they are sensational surface phenomena. With a deeper and more revolutionary thoughtfulness he has drawn his American scene with greater quietness and truth and in the terms of a life of cheapness and pretense and irony, potent with futility even for those whom a single strong emotion arms with hope and expectation.

His story is the utterly simple one of the continuing adoration of a Middle Western girl and woman for a man. He has followed the life of Charlotte Dale and her quest of Carl Yoeman, whom she loves and wishes to be the father of her children, through a tawdry and pretentious literary underworld from Middle Western and New York editorial offices to *Le Café du Dome* in Paris. There, without

FROM "MY WAR,"
by Szegedi Szuts.

melodrama, he brings her life to fulfilment and in fulfilment to irony and futility.

Not many craftsmen can build so perfectly with such simple tools as Mr. Herrmann has used. Every trick of fiction and every ornament of prose he rigorously excludes. He tells his story and he draws his characters in a laconic manner through which his book emerges from the dangers of monotony to veraciousness and power. Untouched by its author's sympathy with revolt in America of farmer and worker, "Summer Is Ended" is a picture of America in which even now the deepest hunger is neither behind barricades nor in the marching armies of idle men.

What You Can't Say

HOLD YOUR TONGUE!: Adventure in Libel and Slander. By MORRIS L. ERNST and ALEXANDER LINDEY. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by ZACHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

NO portion of the law lends itself to popular treatment better than slander and libel. The questions are of practical importance to many laymen. The facts of cases are often amusing. The judicial decisions and the statutes are an attempt to strike a balance between conflicting policies of wide importance to the community. Complete protection of the reputation of citizens from undeserved stain would fetter discussion unduly. Men will not speak as freely as the situation requires if they fear oppressive penalties for every mistaken statement about an individual.

The first question to arise is whether the utterances of the defendant are defamatory at all. The tests for libel are more severe than for slander. Libel consists in writing or printing, which because of its permanent form is usually more injurious to the victim than slander by spoken words, which tend to fade away as soon as uttered. However, this distinction becomes dubious when the words are spoken over the radio to hundreds of thousands of listeners, and do far greater harm than a libelous letter seen by only a few persons. Another modern invention raising difficult questions is the phonograph. When insults to the plaintiff are inscribed upon a record, are they slander because the words are only heard, or do they involve the heavier penalties of libel because they have a permanent form?

"Hold Your Tongue!" is the first book to give a popular treatment of such questions. The earlier chapters deal with different kinds of derogatory statements,—charges of sexual misconduct, misrepresentations injuring a business, reflections on political candidates, criticisms of books, art, and the drama. The authors then discuss the special position of newspapers, radio problems, and the difficulties of measuring reputation in money. Other chapters deal at length with novel and famous cases, like the Oscar Wilde libel suit; and attack the law of criminal libel.

The book has two good qualities. First, it narrates the facts of many interesting cases, which even a lawyer cannot easily find because they are buried in the files of old newspapers. Second, it brings out many absurd inconsistencies between law in books and law in action. Rules which look well in a statute or judicial decision often contribute nothing to justice because of the practical difficulties of enforcement. For example, libels can often be published with impunity because of the dislike of the victim for publicity, the expense of litigation, and the habit of American juries to bring in small verdicts.

At the same time the book has many shortcomings, and a good popular exposition of slander and libel still remains to be written. In the first place, the various topics are jumbled together. Some chapters look like copies of a scrap book. There is little attempt at an orderly presentation of the relevant legal principles. Statements of such principles are scattered through the book at unexpected points. The presentation of the law is usually accurate so far as it goes, except that the availability of truth as a defense is overstated, but there is very little endeavor to show the development of a particular problem, the considerations for and against relief, and the difficulties of reaching a satisfactory conclusion.

A much more serious defect is the total absence of references to the sources of the numerous cases described. This omission cannot be excused by the authors as "shunning technicalities." If they wanted to avoid footnotes, they should have listed the judicial decisions and other sources in the back of the book. As it is, the reader has absolutely no way to test the accuracy of what is said. Such an opportunity for verification is particularly needed in a book which takes a hostile attitude toward legal doctrines. If these attacks are fair, lawyers should be given the necessary information to enable them to remedy the evils, and if the attacks are unfair the authors ought not to withhold their sources.

Finally, the book fails to discriminate between the decisions of judges and the verdicts of juries. For example, the very first page reprints a defamatory newspaper account of a vaudeville act of the three Cherry Sisters, who, we are told, sued the newspaper for libel and did not get a cent. In the absence of references, there is no means of knowing whether this injustice was inflicted by judicial decision or by the perversity of a jury. The distinction between the functions of judge and jury in a libel or slander case is very important and should have been constantly kept in mind. In so far as the inconsistencies and absurdities, of which the authors make so much, were committed by courts, the law must assume direct responsibility and should make a determined effort to reform. However, the law cannot be blamed to the same extent for the behavior of juries. Occasionally absurd verdicts are an inevitable accompaniment of the jury system, which is deeply rooted in public opinion. Furthermore, the authors have no right to expect consistency between the verdicts of two juries even if the cases before them are similar in their facts. As lawyers, they must know that one jury works entirely independently of the other. The only cure for these disadvantages of the jury system would be its abolition, and the authors give no indication that they are prepared to take that step. As a matter of fact, the current of thoughtful opinion is all in the opposite direction.

The authors conclude that the best way of avoiding the absurd results they describe would be to abolish libel and slander actions altogether. Perhaps they are correct in thinking that prosecutions for criminal libel are harsh and no longer necessary. However, if damage suits for defamation were also abolished, the consequences would surely be bad. Undoubtedly some courts have gone too far in imposing liability, and some of the absurdities here pointed out ought to be removed. All this is possible without abandoning the law of libel and slander. The suggested plan for getting rid of the absurdities by denying any remedy for damaging lies would be throwing out the baby with the bath. The success of a law cannot be tested merely by the close cases which get into court. The best effect of a law is found in the cases which are never litigated because a prospective wrongdoer is compelled to behave rightly by the fear of disagreeable consequences. As the law now stands, a speaker or writer refrains from many sorts of defamation for which a court would surely impose liability and for which a jury would surely assess heavy damages. If the deterrent of libel and slander actions were removed, defamation would become far more frequent. The authors think it a sufficient remedy that the victim would have an opportunity to present his side of the case in print. Yet often he cannot afford to do this, and in any event he is justly entitled to have a tribunal pass on the truthfulness of the attacks on his reputation.

Zachariah Chafee is professor of law at Harvard University, and has played an important part in many cases involving civil liberties. He is the author, among other books, of "Freedom of Speech."

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY..... *Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.... *Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN..... *Managing Editor*

WILLIAM ROSE BENET, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 9. No. 22.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."
Copyright, 1932, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Profits or Privilege?

PROFITS OR PROSPERITY. By HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1932. $2.75.

Reviewed by SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

PROFESSOR FAIRCHILD, like several other students of our languishing economy, finds, in this book written for popular consumption, that "the insidious profit-motive" is "the festering sore . . . which is poisoning the whole body politic." It is the private and highly centralized ownership of business, he thinks, as distinct from that of land and capital, with the demands of the owners for constantly increasing profits, which brings about over-investment, "overproduction," and consequent economic collapse such as that which has thrown ten million American workers out of employment and forced them to endure privation in the midst of the heaped-up products of their labor.

In order to prove this thesis, Professor Fairchild is obliged to adopt some Procrustean tactics. By completely divorcing ownership of business—"the owner of the business owns the product"—from that of capital, he is able to divorce profits from interest. Your capitalist, by this process of reasoning, becomes a passive and blameless factor in production, merely lending for a consideration the means by which it is carried on; and the ways in which, under the present system, the consideration may be made usurious come in for no critical analysis in their bearing upon costs of production. Curiously enough, the money invested by the owner of business is not treated as capital by Professor Fairchild. His hypothetical Jones, who puts two million dollars of his own money into an automobile factory and gets back $100,000 in profit on his year's output, certainly invests capital and is as much entitled to five per cent interest on his investment, one would think, as the "capitalist" whose money he borrows at $200,000 a year. But of course if his investment were treated as capital his profit would appear clearly as interest on his investment, and Professor Fairchild would have to devise another hypothetical case to prove his point.

One may, I hope, be exempt from suspicion of defending the profit-motive if one notes that Professor Fairchild fails to distinguish between real profits, or interest on capital actually invested in business, and the spurious profits which come from speculation in land and securities, watering of stocks (otherwise known as "capitalization of earning power"), capitalization of franchises, and the various other devices by which our precious political and economic system furthers the exploitation of the producing classes. Had he made this distinction it must at once have become clear to him that the evils which he ascribes to the profit-motive are really—in so far as they result from the scramble for gain—ascribable to the profit-motive acting on bad social adjustments.

But Professor Fairchild prefers to ascribe bad social adjustments to the desire for profits. To be sure, he remarks that "the greatest aggregate of evil, the world over, has arisen out of the ownership of land," which "is the fundamental source of power"; but he dodges the challenge in this admission by implying that the evil no longer exists, because "so freighted with dangerous possibilities is this form of ownership that it was one of the first to be reduced to a somewhat equitable basis. . . ." Having thus adroitly if not too ingenuously skirted the menacing problem of expropriation, with all its disturbing implications, and having lightly dismissed the "dangers and excesses" inherent in private ownership of capital in a monopolistic economy, he arrives at the conclusion that "the kind of ownership that creates disaster in the present day is . . . the ownership of business. If this could be transferred from private hands to the community it would cut right to the core of our economic distress. If this were done, *it would make relatively little difference who owned the land or the capital.*"

The italics are mine. In other words, let the community own the product—or what is left of the product after industry has met the demands of the landlord and the capitalist, which are always as high as the traffic can bear, the demands of the State which Professor Fairchild ignores, and those of the political grafter which he takes for granted, and the demands of labor which can never be high so long as all land is legally occupied. Of course such a set-up is impossible; and of course if it were possible it would leave us about where we now are. Professor Fairchild stresses our need of a more equitable distribution of wealth; he makes it clear that this is impossible so long as wealth is highly centralized; yet he never questions those liens on production which bring about centralization. He has written a curious book. Rarely have I seen so many sound conclusions supported by so much unsound reasoning. The reason, of course, is that his central thesis is indefensible.

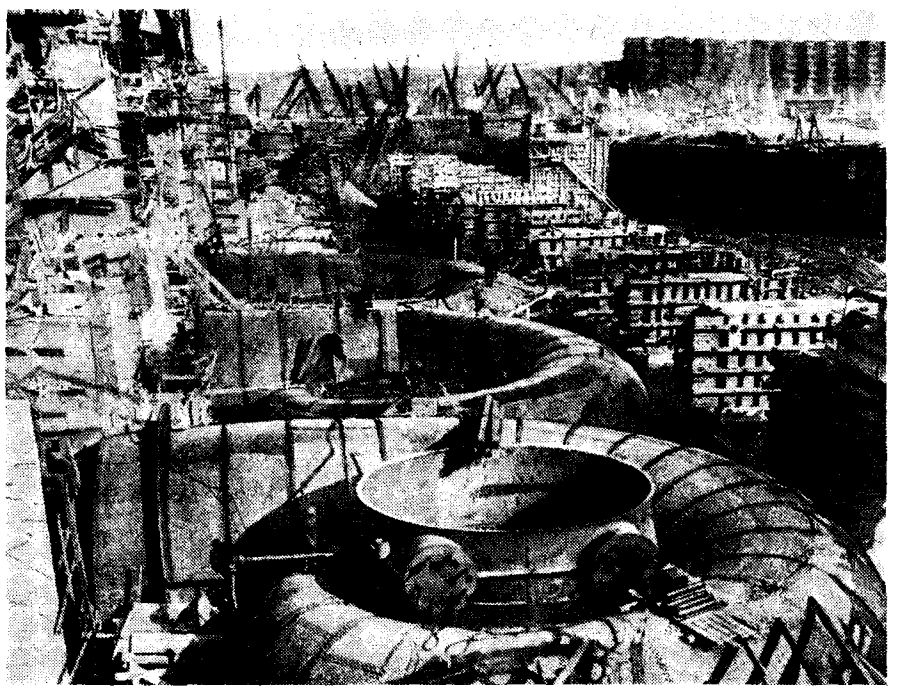
since the war, without saying anything about it, but in comparison with what the Soviet government has spent for elaborate clubs, the true function of which, in spite of their social utility, is to exert political influence on the masses. In the Donetz coal fields, for instance, in the midst of dilapidated dwellings "little better than nigger kraals" he found club palaces "more sumptuous than anything in Berlin." And there were many similar examples.

He is distressed at the "bestial hatred" constantly taught in the middle and higher schools, where bourgeois society is described—a literal quotation from a school reader entitled "Brotherhood"—as "desecrated, dishonored, wading through blood, besoiled. It presents itself to the world washed and brushed-up, making a pretense of morality, prating of culture and philosophy and ethics, of peace and order and righteousness. But seen in its true colors, it is a ravening beast, celebrating a witches' sabbath of anarchy, a focus of pestilence."

As for the press, outsiders can imagine what it is like if they picture all the newspapers, from Right to Left, in a country like Germany, written in the style and with the content of Berlin's *Rote Fahne*. And that is the only peephole the Russian masses have on the outside world. If "any newspaper in Russia were to venture to bring out but one number attacking and blackguarding the Soviet Government in the way, in which, day after day, the German bolshevik papers attack the republican government of Germany, all the editors would have been shot within twenty-four hours or would be on their way to Siberian forests."

Herr Seibert goes at length into the notorious Shachty trial and the judicial murders of 1930, telling the story from the point of view of a member of the working press who watched the progress of these all but incredible dramas from day to day. He describes the "gigantomania" which seized the Soviet state after the inauguration of the Five Year Plan. Everything must be the biggest ever, whether farm, power station, or what not, and regardless of economic realities. And he doubts that Russia is marching "purposively" toward a clearly conceived economic goal, so much as waging war, carrying on a fierce economic campaign, characterized by sudden offensives, retreats, changes of front, the use of shock troops, and typical war propaganda on a large scale."

Yet, when all the debit side is tallied up, the fact, Herr Seibert believes, that a social order, like our own, in which vast quantities of consumable goods are piled up, on the one hand, while millions suffer dire want and hunger on the other, is no "order" at all. He does not venture to outline what changes must take place in the capitalistic order, which he evidently thinks will outlive bolshevism, but does remark that "the only will that can save Europe from the Red spectre in the East is embodied in the plain and venerable watchword *'Ich dien'*."



DNIEPROSTROI

From "The Land without Unemployment" (International Publishers).

"Gigantomania"

RED RUSSIA. By THEODOR SEIBERT. New York: The Century Co. 1932. $3.

THERE is a reassuring lack of enthusiasm about Herr Seibert's book, of any sort of gush. The Russian Revolution, in its fifteenth year, is scarcely the place for it. Something has been accomplished, to be sure, but much has been paid for it. The mass of the people still live in conditions which would be deemed intolerable in any other country in the Western world. Liberty and justice, as understood in any other Western country, are unknown. Red Russia, in short, is no subject for bright young lady trippers, nor for bright young economists, scarcely less sober in their judgments.

Herr Seibert was evidently a grown-up European when he went to Russia as the correspondent of several substantial German newspapers. He could speak Russian, so that he did not need to be spoon-fed; he stayed in the country for four years, and went out without being thrown out. He writes without any grudge, therefore, yet soberly, with the air of a resident who has had time to check up on his judgments. His book is not brilliant, but it is readable and evidently sincere, and it touches, first and last, on practically every phase of Soviet life.

On the whole, Seibert's impressions incline to be unfavorable. He sees the hope which the Revolution brought to those who had little in the old days, various minor social gains, here and there; but is continually disturbed by the Revolution's false faces. The soviets themselves, however admirable the system may be in theory, are nowadays only scene paintings. The real power is all at the top. Stalin's autocracy is unchallenged. And he is surrounded—as other observers have pointed out—by comparatively insignificant men.

Tourists speak of the new houses for workingmen. Actually, Seibert says, the money spent for this purpose is trifling, not only in comparison with what Western Europe has spent in the same way

Soviet Life

A SCIENTIST AMONG THE SOVIETS. By JULIAN HUXLEY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $1.75.

THE SOVIET WORKER. By JOSEPH FREEMAN. New York: Horace Liveright. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

PROFESSOR HUXLEY and Mr. Freeman approach the problem of describing and interpreting Soviet life from different angles. Professor Huxley sets down in somewhat rambling and discursive fashion the ideas and impressions which he acquired as a result of his visit to Russia with a party of British scientists and professional men in the summer of 1931. Mr. Freeman endeavors, with the aid of copious citations from Soviet laws and regulations, to describe "the economic, social, and cultural status of labor in the U. S. S. R." Of the two books Professor Huxley's is not only much more entertaining reading, but more valuable to the reader because it is the product of an open and not of a closed mind.

This reviewer felt in reading Professor Huxley's work that the Soviet Union, insofar as the world's judgment is concerned, has unmistakably benefited by the long period of economic distress that has overtaken the rest of the world. More than once the author, no doubt unconsciously, seems to derive optimism about Russia from pessimism about the state of the rest of the world.

While he is quite free from the dogmatic faith that sometimes makes the foreign sympathizer with the Soviet régime more reluctant to admit defects and shortcomings than are the Russian Communists themselves, Professor Huxley evidently left Russia in a distinctly friendly and sympathetic state of mind. He finds communist Russia "a going concern, thoroughly alive, which has survived grave hardships in the past and is prepared to endure more for the realization of its Plan." He believes that Russia, "even at its present embryo stage of development," is in advance of other countries in the following things:

> The technique and the very idea of large-scale planning; the socialization of agriculture; the reduction of private profit and class distinctions; the provision of peacetime incentives which shall on the one hand not be merely individualist, and on the other not be centred mainly on the crude worship of national power; the elevation of science and scientific method to its proper place in affairs.

Mr. Freeman discusses the life of the Russian worker under a variety of aspects. He takes up, among other subjects, trade-unions, Soviet labor laws, wages, hours and labor productivity, distribution and consumption, the question of forced labor, etc. As he says in his introduction, there is a dearth of material in English dealing with the status and living conditions of the Soviet worker. It may be doubted, however, whether his book is a valuable or useful contribution to knowledge of the subject.

In the first place, Mr. Freeman's exhaustive quotations from Soviet labor laws and trade union resolutions do not seem to be adequately balanced by first hand observation of the working of these laws in practice or by clearcut pictures of the conditions under which the Soviet worker actually lives and works. This method of relying on legal citations rather than on first hand observation (despite the fact that the author tells us that he spent some time in Russia) gives the book a dry and abstract character. The Soviet worker as a human being does not emerge from the long clutter of legal and newspaper citations.

A second and more serious defect in the book is the author's obvious bias, his unwillingness to admit anything detrimental to Soviet living conditions. Nothing could be more misleading than Mr. Freeman's habit of chronicling money wage increases in Soviet industries during recent years without anywhere taking account of the rapidly shrinking purchasing power of the rouble. It is true, as Mr. Freeman states, that money wages in all branches of Soviet industry are higher in 1932 than in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1928. But it is equally true, as Mr. Freeman does not say, that during the last three or four years prices in the coöperative stores have risen faster than wages, that many other living expenses, such as railroad fares, have also gone up faster than wages, that prices on the private markets, where the workers and employees must buy a considerable part of their foodstuffs, unless they are to be content with a very meagre diet, have risen five- or ten-fold.

Mr. Freeman's statement that "an adequate supply of grain and sugar was at the disposal of the population during 1931" is simply laughable to anyone who lived and travelled in Russia during that year, while his citation of statistics purporting to show large percentage increases in the marketable supply of potatoes, butter, eggs, and meat during 1931 is so definitely at variance with the observable facts as to cast grave doubt on the scientific accuracy with which the statistics were compiled. His treatment of the problems involved in collectivization, of the fate of the kulaks, and of many other subjects is similarly marked by a one-sided ignoring of many relevant facts.

In short, Mr. Freeman's work, like all books which are obviously written for the purpose of making out a case "for" or "against" the Soviet régime is of little value to the open-minded seeker after truth. The word propaganda is often misused and abused in connection with Russia. But Mr. Freeman's book may fairly be called propaganda—and very dull propaganda at that.

William Henry Chamberlin is the Russian correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor *and author of "Soviet Russia."*

An Enigmatic Figure

TALLEYRAND. By DUFF COOPER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1932. $3.75.

Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN

WHILE Mr. Cooper has little that is new in documentation or interpretation to offer the reader who is familiar with the work of Lacour-Gayet and Fabre-Luce which has preceded his, and though a conservative bias disfigures his book, he has written for the general reader a charming portrait of one of the most interesting figures in European history. He has produced what is undoubtedly the most satisfying biography in English. Mr. Cooper writes well and has spent much time in the contemplation of his hero, for whom he presents a lengthy, though not conclusive, defense. He maintains that "Talleyrand was a true patriot and a wise statesman, to whom neither contemporaries nor posterity has done justice." The author argues that Talleyrand's outlook was not merely French, but was European. Here we see the statesman working to preserve the peace of Europe and attempting to form an alliance with England, whose constitution and government he greatly admired. When he was disloyal to that church in which he was a bishop, he was loyal to the larger interests of France; when disloyal to Napoleon, he was very loyal to his country; and when he seemed to be disloyal to France, he was faithful to the larger interests of Europe. But, during all these shifting allegiances, he was always loyal to himself. Mr. Cooper quotes Talleyrand's remark to Lamartine to excellent effect:

> I am thought immoral and Machiavellian; I am only calm and disdainful. I have never given evil counsel to a government or to a prince, but I do not share their fall. After shipwrecks there must be pilots to save the victims. I have presence of mind and guide them to some port; little matter what port, provided it shelters them . . . my pretended crimes are the dreams of imbeciles. Has a clever man ever the need to commit a crime? Crime is the resource of political half-wits . . . I have had weaknesses, some would say vices —but crimes, *fi donc.*

Certainly stupidity was never one of the weaknesses of this enigmatic figure who possessed throughout a memorable career the diplomatic faculty of "appearing open, while remaining impenetrable."

AN enormous amount of effort has been wasted on listing the six (or the thirty-six) original plots. The plots as detailed, seemed plausible enough, so far as they go,but they leave out of consideration the most important element of a story, the unknown character, who happens to be the reader at any time.

If the story fits into the mind of the unknown and causes some reaction, it is successful, and the plot is completed. The more universal the story, the greater the spread of unknown characters, or readers. Now as to plot. There is only one authentic plot. *Something happens.* That's all. And it need not be in the story itself, if the writing is potent enough to set fire to that damp sponge called the brain.

Edna Ferber

Modern Scientists

MEN AGAINST DEATH. By PAUL DE KRUIF. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY R. VIETS, M.D.

THE success of Dr. de Kruif's "Microbe Hunters" has found a logical sequel in "Men Against Death." Pungent, melodramatic stuff, served for the movie-minded public, seems to be the popular demand; no one is better qualified than de Kruif to satisfy this appetite. With a journalistic probe he investigates the careers of twelve modern scientists who have advanced medicine, accurately describing the laboratories where they work and their methods of research. Their emotional reactions, however, are somewhat distorted by de Kruif and the value of the accomplishments of part of the list considerably over-rated.

For the first we can give him nothing but praise. He draws a picture of the scientist's environment with superb skill. "The red brick building on the hill," as a description of the Hygienic Laboratory in Washington of the United States Public Health Service, with Spencer, Evans, and McCoy at work, is an unforgettable picture. To gather all the details of the inner activities of a famous laboratory and presen them in an interesting way is a task which is greatly to be commended; de Kruif is a past master and nothing of importance escapes him.

Dr. de Kruif falls far short, however, in justly describing the emotions of the worker. Excitement and pleasure as the result of labor well done are to be expected, but not the other emotions depicted in reportorial style by the author. Not every discovery in medicine is quite a Hollywood drama or the subject for a tabloid headline, as de Kruif would have us believe. Gentle souls like Banting or Minot must quail at the ebullition of de Kruif in his attempts to read their inner thoughts; they will be amused, but hardly grateful.

Thirdly, we are too near these men to really evaluate much of their work. Banting, who found insulin; Minot, who developed liver therapy for anemia; and Schaudinn, the discoverer of the cause of social disease, are certainly stars of the first magnitude. Wagner-Jauregg, Finsen, Strandberg, and some of the other scientists are probably of less importance; but who should judge a man's place in the world a hundred years hence, or even ten?

Dr. de Kruif, however, has written an interesting book, often slangy in style, but based on a sound knowledge of the circumstances under which some recent medical discoveries were made. He has a feebler penetration into the psychological reactions of the scientists involved. Intellectually the book is of considerable mediocrity; emotionally, a glorious moving picture. Some of the best material occurs in the prologue and epilogue, for here we can estimate the natural simplicity and philosophical cast of de Kruif's mind. He has escaped from the laboratory to live a life in the open and rightly thinks that such a joyous existence will, perhaps, do as much to prolong his life as all the efforts of men of science to overcome disease.

The Story of "I"

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CONSCIOUSNESS. By C. DALY KING. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

MR. KING possesses to a marked degree the essential requirements for one venturing to write upon this vexed subject: clear logical insight, facility of phrase, and the maintenance of the human interest side of the problem. The book has the strange distinction of actually sticking to the subject, which is a thorny and knotty one—a combination perhaps unknown botanically but abundant philosophically. It is the "psychology of consciousness" which is as factual, if rightly approached, as the psychology of reflex action.

Mr. King is indebted to Dr. Watson for a popular interest in his topic. Apparently the public woke up to the existence of the mystic "I" when the Behavorist announced that consciousness doesn't exist. The obsequies at the demise which seem to have consisted of a denial—service gave consciousness news value, which Dr. Watson accepts as a valid index of significance. It was on a par with Mrs. Eddy's announcement that pain was mortal error, yet how differently arrived at! As a fact the essential core of behaviorism has been assimilated into the accredited psychology and was well on its way thereto long before 1912, which is the hegira year of Behaviorism. The physiological basis of the "I" is abundantly recognized by every naturalistic psychologist.

The rest of extreme Behaviorism began as a hasty error and was soon expanded into popularly acceptable but non-sequitur doctrines concerning the universality of a simple type of conditioning and the abolition of heredity, and other startling generalizations. The proper vein for an essay on "Is Consciousness Necessary?" did not appear until a clever pen brought out "Is Sex Necessary?" The answer to both queries is the same: Presumably not, in some Martian or Neptunian existence, but in man as he is, the questions carry a humorous rather than a philosophical scepticism.

So far as human psychology goes, that science finds its warrant and its special status of coördinate import with the totality of the physical sciences, because of that function which we call consciousness, not because we know how it arose or wherein it consists but because such is the psychic life of man. The nature of consciousness is indeed a technical question. Mr. King is co-author with Professor Marston of a notable volume on "Integrative Psychology," in turn founded upon the Unit Response theory. Under that view, which is well supported by the recent increase in knowledge, the essence of a psychic act is an integration of a stimulus and a response through a neural mechanism which generates its own tendencies. That is "the hidden machinery." The S-R, or stimulus-response theory, even as stated by the moderate behaviorist, is completely barren, because it omits the vital factor which brings it about that certain goings-on are stimuli, and as well what types of response they induce. Even the mechanistic notion of function provides for the fact that what you get out of a slot machine depends rather more on what kind of machine it is than upon the circumstance that many of them have the same habit of responding to nickels; and if we add, "having been conditioned to them in the early stages of their existence," it is not a more nonsensical conclusion than many an argument to be found in college psychologies.

Consequently heredity remains the vital determinant of things as they are, including consciousness and the possibilities of growth in the rights and privileges appertaining thereto, as the college-degree formula has it. The Integrative Psychology which Mr. King professes includes the psychonic theory of consciousness. That mysterious function, which makes the story of "I," is associated, indeed identified, with what takes place at the synapses in the neurones; that part of a synapse which is energized whenever an impulse passes over it or them, is a psychon. The validity of such a concept is a matter for future consideration.

Mr. King presents an ambitious programme. It includes a practical phase—an unusual but intrinsically essential part of the entire issue of the "I" and what the "I" does in the use of his privileges as a citizen of the realm of consciousness—in which the general reader may find his greatest interest. For it turns out that far from ignoring consciousness, the whole purpose of living is to expand and exalt it. The life abundant is one, like the promised land, overflowing with the milk and honey of consciousness. We may call it experience, but it is conscious experience in ever widening and rising measure that we all live for and by. Oriental and Occidental life philosophies contrast in the types of consciousness that they aim to attain. Mr. King believes that this power of getting the most of our awareness can be and should be trained, and suggests steps in this culture. This is not introspection nor the introversion so easily leading to an ingrown consciousness; it is objective and makes the observer himself the observed. It sounds mystic but the claim is pragmatic.

I am not subscribing unreservedly to the group of these, which fail somewhat of successful integration, in what remains a suggestive and an original contribution. I wish to call attention only to the fact that it is a fresh, a clear, and a distinctive approach to a problem much confused because of its constant intertwining with other questions inherited from the period when psychology had not yet been emancipated from the protectorate of philosophy, and from other stages which are relics of the reaction which made it a subject of a mechanical biology. Apart from its main theses, it is a book rich in fertile hints to the psychologically minded.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

OUR TIMES. By MARCH SULLIVAN. *Scribners.*
The third volume of Mr. Sullivan's vivacious retrospect of recent years, covering the period from 1909-1914.

NEW LETTERS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Edited by W. C. DE WOLFE HOWE. *Harpers.*
The correspondence of an author not the least delightful part of whose writing consists in his informal letters.

THRILLS OF A NATURALIST'S QUEST. By RAYMOND S. DITMARS. *Macmillan.*
The adventures of a snake specialist.

This Less Recent Book:

SWIFT. By CARL VAN DOREN. *Viking.*
A biography that is at once scholarly and entertaining.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Principally on Snakes

THRILLS OF A NATURALIST'S QUEST. By RAYMOND L. DITMARS. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by WALTER A. DYER

IF one may hazard a guess, serious naturalists will read this latest book by Curator Ditmars for the fund of valuable information, based on long experience and observation, which is to be found in its latter half; lay readers—and there will be many of them—will read it for the amazing and amusing adventures and the delightful horrors of its first half.

Raymond Ditmars is a naturalist of established authority, but he is not a dry recorder of learned facts. He possesses the gift of expression and of appealing to the emotions of his readers; he possesses marked sympathy for his animal charges, and above all he is gifted with genuine humor. There are times when he is irresistibly funny.

You may picture a youth of eighteen, working as an assistant in the entomological section of the American Museum of Natural History, spending his days affixing little numbered triangles of paper to pinned beetles, or fumigating trays of moths and butterflies, while his heart was out in the woods and his mind was running on snakes. Occasionally he was allowed to accompany collecting expeditions, and one delightful chapter describes the emergence of the seventeen-year cicadas from their long interment, but his greatest interest on these occasions was in watching the naturalists turn up flat stones in search of bugs; they might also disclose the long, slimy, slithery forms that he loved. And you may picture him devoting his brief noon hour to a run across the park to the reptile house at the zoo, where on one occasion he helped the keeper to remove the obstinate integument from a boa constrictor that was having trouble with the process.

Receiving little encouragement in his serpentine researches from his entomological superior, young Ditmars at length prevailed upon his dubious but evidently indulgent family to permit him to convert the top story of the house into a reptilian seraglio and to install there, in cases, a choice collection of vicious and venomous vipers. Hither came from Trinidad a box containing such charming specimens as fer de lance, bushmaster, and boa constrictor, and the account of their transfer to the cases forms one of the high spots of the book. The deadly bushmaster chased its keeper across the room and the boa wound its tail around the banister in the hall and refused to budge until Raymond's father, coming upstairs to see what was the matter, prodded it.

There was the time when the young naturalist exchanged a spare boa with a snake charmer named Olga for one of her pythons named Sultan, transporting the serpents on the elevated train in a washbasket. There was the time when he journeyed to Brazil in search of South American snakes and kept them in his hotel room in Rio de Janeiro. One of them was starving for lack of the small fish which constituted its sole diet. Small fish Ditmars could not buy anywhere, so he was forced to steal them at night from a park basin and to keep them in his bathtub at the hotel.

Ditmars in due time realized his early ambition and became curator of reptiles at the New York Zoölogical Park. Later he was made curator of mammals as well, and his interest in part shifted to quadrupeds. But still there were adventures in strange parts of the country, a season with a circus menagerie, the capturing of rattlesnakes and copperheads, intimate relations with cobras, and scientific experiments with venom, as well as varied experiences with elephants, bears, monkeys, apes, and other creatures.

The last few chapters deal with animal habits, care in captivity, market prices, rare specimens, and the like. They have their unquestionble value, but the lay reader will possibly suspect that they were added at the request of a publisher who desired a few more thousand words to bulk up the volume to standard size.

The BOWLING GREEN

Translations from the Chinese

CATHARSIS

THE smart freighter *City of Elwood*
Was unloading at Pier 58.
What's your cargo, I asked the mate.
"Myrobolloms, gunnies, and tea," he replied,
"And 3000 tons of castor oil beans,
Physic enough for the whole of America."
And I thought to myself,
Perhaps that's exactly what this civilization needs:
A good purge.

Certainly our economics is costive
And our bowels of mercy
Suffer from constipation.

EIGHT HOURS

The young poet complained
Of low dearthy spirits
And inadequate transmission into print.
Both in literature and in metaphysics
(Suggested the Old Mandarin)
The best remedy for biliousness
Is, get a little sleep.

ARTS OF GOVERNMENT

Why, oh Fountain of Wisdom,
Is this humble existence
Plagued with ironics?
The old Mandarin was flattered to receive
An invitation to dine with the Emperor
And then, in the same mail, found a bill
For the Imperial Income Tax.

THE LAUGH

Once, in the season of fiscal nadir,
Two necessitous mandarins
After gazing in the window of the famous jeweler
To see how many jade necklaces
Were, that week, reduced
From twelve thousand to six,
Passed on, one of them remarking,
"Now our duty is accomplished."
The other, cleft by some twinge of comedy,
Laughed loud and shrill.

Fifth Avenue, long unaccustomed to laughter,
Turned apprehensively to stare
Wondering whether Congress had again denied Beer
Or grass had been found growing
In the streets of Detroit.

LITERARY NOTE

Mu Kow, the poet, printed some verses
About the telephone booth at Putnam's
Suggesting mildly that visitors who come in
Merely to use the phone
May also some day purchase a book.
The bookstore was pleased
And posted the verses in the booth.
The first time they put it up, it was stolen.
The second time, someone wrote on it
Your American monosyllable of sans-gêne:
Nerts.

"WOMEN ON PERCENTAGE"

Variety, that frolicsome paper,
Once figured out a decimal system
For reckoning the Coefficient of Appeal
Of the ladies of the stage.
"Women on Percentage," they called it,
And graded vaudeville prima donnas
In 10 qualities of showmanship.
These were the divisions:—
Modishness, Neatness, Make-Up,
Coiffure, Lighting, Personality,
Delivery, Routine, Originality,
And *Applause.*

The naive Old Mandarin introduced this calculus
As a game of Truth at a women's club party
And became very unpopular.

WISDOM OF THE LENS

But the profoundest classification of humanity
Was that of the eminent Portrait Photographer
Whose filing cases unconsciously revealed
The order of importances
From the camera's point of view:—
Brides
Children
Young Women
Women
Men.

CONGRATULATION

Delightful phrase
Was that of the colored janitor
Who received a tip for some service.
"Did you get that Dollar I left for you?" said the tenant.
"Yassuh," smiled Fuscus,
"That's just what I wanted
To congratulate you about."

CONSIDERATE

Good old Chaucer,
Always genial and accommodating,
Even planned his birth and death
To make things easy for his students.
No wonder we love him,
His dates are so easy to remember—
1340-1400.

THOUGHTS IN THE PARK

The Aberdeen terrier sneered at the mongrel
For his haphazard lineage
But a few days later, Scottie was seen
Being taken to the vet.
Thoroughbreds ride in more elevators,
Mused the mutt,
But also they have more worms.

ON THE DEFENSIVE

In a recent auction sale
I was pleased by the catalogue note
On a book well known to bibliophiles,
The Bondage of Ballinger, by Roswell Field:—
"An ideal Christmas gift
For the wife of the collector
Who must apologize for his collecting."

THE UMLAUT

Gazing sadly at the Swedish delicatessen
The adipose and esurient Old Mandarin
Saw lingon jam (a kind of cranberry),
Teewurst of pure pork,
Swedish brown beans,
Anchovies, matjes herring,
Praliner, Spisbröd, Fiskeboller,
And Knackebröd
(From the Knackebrödsbageri in Göteborg.)

O Greta Garbo,
Was it on such pinguid victual
You preserved that heavenly figure?
Is it the umlaut that keeps one slender?

PERCENTAGE OF SLIP

The Chief Engineer of the steamship
Showed me his daily report:—
Revolutions of engines, 126,000
Engine run today, 418 miles
Actual run, 394 miles
Percentage of slip, 6.4

Oh if I could propel my own affairs
With so small a Percentage of Slip.

STERN CHASE

Sometimes, watching the electric news bulletin
In Times Square
I forget to read the fiery message
Fascinated to watch the little flickering period
Swimming along at the tail of the sentence
Like a baby goldfish
Trying to catch up.
I have a horrid thought, that's Me.

CHEVY CHASE

Terrified, but exultant,
I hardened myself to drive the little Chevrolet
Through the New York Traffic.
But still I wondered
Why are the trucks that rumble just ahead of me
Always the hugest in town?

UNTO THIS LAST

John Ruskin, sensitive student of aesthetics,
Would be startled by the portrait of himself
Bearded, very red in the lips,
Blazoned on the cover of a spare-tire:
SMOKE JOHN RUSKIN, 5C CIGAR.

THE POWER-HOUSE

Out for my evening stroll
I discovered on 84th Street
A power-house, quietly humming to itself,
And though I lived near-by
I had never known it was there.

Some people are like that.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARCOURT BRACE & CO.

The Year's Best BIOGRAPHY

Lloyd Lewis
Sherman Fighting Prophet
$3.50

Paul De Kruif
Men Against Death
$3.50

Carl Sandburg
Mary Lincoln Wife and Widow
$3.00

John T. Flynn
God's Gold
John D. Rockefeller and His Times
$3.50

Elswyth Thane
The Tudor Wench
$3.50

Lincoln Steffens
Autobiography
$3.75

Essays

Virginia Woolf
The Second Common Reader
$3.00

T. S. Eliot
Selected Essays
$3.50

Fiction

Margaret Irwin
Royal Flush
$2.50

Ruth Blodgett
Home Is The Sailor
$2.00

383 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

COLONEL ROOSEVELT, Private Citizen. By EARLE LOOKER. Revell. 1932. $2.50.

Mr. Looker is the author of "The White House Gang," which a year or two ago proved a very popular addition to the still rising stacks of Rooseveltiana. Here he turns to the final period of the great career—now, perhaps, the most interesting period because it is the one upon which the least has been published and about which some mystery still remains. The book opens with a scene at Sagamore Hill in February, 1915, when Roosevelt was already actively planning the volunteer division which he hoped to lead into the World War; it ends by reprinting that pathetic correspondence with Baker and Wilson in the spring of 1917, when the martial vision which Roosevelt had cherished for thirty years was finally shattered. Except for some scanty details on the organization of that dream division, however, the book contains little else. It is chiefly another expression of the uncritical adoration which Roosevelt stirred in so many minds, and which still lives after him.

Mr. Looker represents the Colonel as having been convinced at the time of his visit with the Kaiser in 1910 that a world war was a certainty and that the United States would be drawn into it. This is used to explain Roosevelt's later passion for preparedness; it is a view not always easy to reconcile with the published facts, but Roosevelt's reaction to the Berlin visit is apparently given on the authority of Mrs. Roosevelt, who has endorsed the book. Another detail may be from the same source. Early in 1915 Roosevelt and Mr. Frank Knox were eagerly planning the projected division when Mrs. Roosevelt broke in: "Both you men," she said, "are exactly like two small boys playing at soldiers."

Fiction

A TIME TO SOW. By EVANS WALL. Macaulay. 1932. $2.

Evans Wall has a way with backgrounds. In each of his novels the social, the economic environment of his people is given in understanding and significant detail. His men and women are born of their time and place and move through them rightly as fish through their familiar water. His novels being placed in the South, he has shown successively the differing struggles of the white, the half-white, and the colored dwellers there. In "A Time to Sow," the story is of the effort to keep an impoverished farm above the surface of submerging debt and mortgage. The background lives. The work of the men, the work of the horses, pull at the reader with a tiring and physical reality. Day opens on hopelessness and closes on hopelessness until eventually after such long and bitter battle the tide begins to turn a little for the better. There is with work and work and work a way out.

But with the story of the characters a creaking difference is felt. They do not live, they are merely used by Mr. Wall to point, if not a moral, at least a theory. The unfolding of the physical awakening of woman to love is a dangerous phenomenon to handle. The ridiculous and the sentimental press so closely upon the inexpert. Mr. Wall's bride reminds one all too often of those books—where are they now?—on "What a Young Wife Ought to Know." What must have been to the author very real reachings out toward encompassing experience are, unfortunately, for the reader merely embarrassing contortions of a not unusual young woman.

AMOS THE WANDERER. By W. B. MAXWELL. Dodd, Mead. 1932. $2.

Mr. Maxwell has written another of his gentle, rambling, old-fashioned novels. Another quiet soul, under his facile guidance, finds that adventure may snuggle at the ingle-nook as well as roam the world, and that happiness may be inside the garden gate. In this case, Amos is a young man tied reluctantly to his father's dull business in a dull English village and longing for what may lie beyond the rim of his cupped life. And so he says goodbye to the girl for whom he feels enough to fear the binding quality of her.

After only a very short journey, Amos comes upon new ties not to be denied. He settles down to take care of a tubercular man and to assume the burden of the latter's work. When death comes to the invalid to release Amos, he has already taken on new obligations by promising to marry a sister infected with the brother's disease. Not a very gay life this, but death once more lies at the end of a vista and Amos returns to the dull English village and the dull business in both of which he now finds an illumination.

The girl of the first part also returns to the village and tells Amos in page after page of her adventures during her absence. She has been around the world before she was twenty-two, she has consorted with pigmies and cannibals, she has shot big game, and she has married a missionary. Nevertheless, she is content, the missionary dead, to end the book in Amos's arms.

International

THE BIRTH OF THE NATIONS. By VALERIU MARCU. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. Viking. 1932. $3.75.

We are informed that the author of this volume—"born a Rumanian, thinking like a French philosopher, and using German as a literary medium—is well equipped for these literary explorations into the past out of which the Europe of today has emerged." Lest we be accused of lack of appreciation of this tri-partite heritage, we may admit this at once.

We are constrained to add, however, that the book has no more significance than a "literary exploration." It is excellently written, a quality which the translators have as usual skilfully carried over into English. And it will have for some readers a veritable charm. They must, however, bring to the reading of it a vast equipment of historical knowledge. Marcu is not writing history, he is writing an essay about historical forces. After the manner of some of our own mono-national essayists, he assumes an encyclopedic knowledge and becomes lyrical over the consequences.

It is always a temptation to treat history in terms of its more or less striking figures. Marcu flits from Tommaso Campanella to Richelieu, from Descartes to Urban VIII, from Blaise Pascal to Grotius, from Father Joseph to Cromwell and Maximilian with the same irritating familiarity with which some of our contemporary "current-events" lecturers like to convey the impression that they are "in the know."

It is an excellent book for those who like this kind of a book.

Miscellaneous

TOURING UTOPIA: The Realm of Constructive Humanism. By FRANCES THERESA RUSSELL. Dial. 1932. $2.50.

Professor Russell had no dearth of material. Wistful members of the human race, exercising wisdom, whimsey, or jest, perhaps all three, have concocted so many Utopias for a heedless world that the author has devoted all of ten pages to classified lists. Even so, she excludes socialistic and communistic expositions, as well as accounts of coöperative communities in practice. Here are Utopias central and peripheral, satiric Utopias and utopistic satires, treatises, predictions, fantasies, arcadias, and a map of the whole empyreal realm. Many of them could be modeled in cardboard and put out for the Christmas trade. This practical world could provide no more ironic fate.

The utophian scheme, taken collectively, is found to emphasize environment and external betterment, considering "favorable circumstance a powerful first aid to personal integrity." Government is a benevolent and efficient autocracy. Education is free and universal; labor and leisure are shared alike by all. Miss Russell also has burrowed into utopian beauty and art, religion and morality, domesticity, marriage and the other mores, with the worlds of H. G. Wells grabbing a whole chapter. A pretty tale, but in the end, she fails to give most Utopias a passing grade. Of the ten dozen (!) on the list, not a third pass the main tests she applies. The majority are "either fragmentary or lop-sided or fanatic or vague or conceived in skepticism rather than faith." And so here we are again, back to our miserable earth, and almost on the verge of summoning Professor Pangloss.

Books for Christmas

By AMY LOVEMAN

THE inexorable demands of space forced us to break off abruptly last week in the very midst of our summary of books which might prove fitting gifts for those whose tastes run to the arts. With no further preamble we resume where we left off then, in the middle of a sentence recommending Szegedi Szut's "My War" (Morrow), a history in pictures of a Hungarian soldier's experiences in the World War; "A Wanderer in Woodcuts" (Farrar & Rinehart), by H. Glintenkamp; Lynd Ward's novel in woodcuts, "Wild Pilgrimage" (Smith & Haas), and Norman Bel Geddes's extremely interesting "Horizons" (Little, Brown), an application of his theories to cars, motor cars, steamships, etc. This is the place, we think, to include Ernest Hemingway's "Death in the Afternoon" (Scribners), for it's as a fine art that he looks upon bullfighting, and here, too, we insert John Erskine's new novel "Tristan and Isolde" (Bobbs-Merrill), since the musician or the musical ought to find in it added interest.

There is small doubt, we suppose, that many readers find little outside of fiction of interest. For such of these as you may number among the prospective recipients of your gifts we have selected novels in accordance with what may be varied tastes. For those who find fascination in study of human relations and who are especially concerned with the family as an institution there is a group of books which includes some of the outstanding fiction of the season: "Family History," by V. Sackville West (Doubleday, Doran), "Greenbanks" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Dorothy Whipple, which we have already mentioned in another place; "A Good Man's Love" (Harpers), by E. M. Delafield, a portrayal of Victorian girlhood and of the suffering which the conventions of that period forced upon the young woman in the matrimonial market, which might well cause those elders who still raise horrified hands at the "new freedom" of woman to think their day blest instead of cursed; Ellen Glasgow's "The Sheltered Life" (Doubleday, Doran), which, like her earlier "The Romantic Comedians" and "They Stooped to Folly," is a brilliant and witty depiction of a passing social code; "Thicker Than Water" (Liveright), the story of a Jewish family done with spirit and veracity; and "The Family Circle" (Appleton), by André Maurois, a work of much subtlety and interest. These are all stories in which attention centers almost exclusively on personality. There are others in which background plays an important part, such as "The Years of Peace" (Century), by Leroy McCleod, in which the struggle of man with his environment as represented in the life on the farm comes to the fore, and "The Broken House" (Smith & Haas), by Ambrose South, a novel in somewhat similar vein.

If you are looking for books to send to a friend who would keep abreast of foreign literature there are "The Burning Bush" (Knopf), by Sigrid Undset; "The Sleepwalkers" (Little, Brown), by Hermann Broch; "The Pascarella Family" (Simon & Schuster), by Franz Werfel, and "Fired" (Century), by Karl Schenzinger. Two Irish novels deserve mention, "The Coloured Dome" (Macmillan), by Francis Stuart, and "The Saint and Mary Kate" (Macmillan), by Frank O'Connor, a writer whose work is arresting and who gives promise of being an important author. There is a new volume of Lady Murasaki's charming "Lady of the Boat" (Houghton Mifflin).

Your young friend, who enjoys reading of her own generation, and indeed older readers, too, to whom youth is always a lovely and enchanting subject, will rejoice in Rosamond Lehmann's charming and understanding "Invitation to the Waltz" (Holt) and will read with interest G. B. Stern's "The Rueful Mating" (Knopf), with its story of young love. The thoughtful will find much food for their interest in Leonie Zugsmith's "Never Enough," while those whose inclination is for action and vigor will welcome "Mutiny on the Bounty" (Little, Brown), by James Norman Hall and Charles Nordhoff, a transcription in terms of fiction of a famous incident of British naval annals, and a book that seems to us to have the qualities which make for a classic of the seas; Somerset Maugham's "The Narrow Corner" (Doubleday, Doran), and Max Miller's "I Cover the Waterfront" (Dutton).

Give the Southerner, if you would present him with something concerned with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his own locale, "Inchin' Along" (Morrow), by Welburn Kelley, "The Haunted Mirror" (Viking), by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, and "Peter Ashley" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Du Bose Heyward. And, finally, here's a list for your friend the reader of fiction adjusted to his taste no matter what his taste is—by which we mean to say that it's a list that contains something for almost any taste. We only present it so, segregated from the other novels, because a sudden conviction has come upon us that our space is again growing scant and that we must mention what we would now or never. So here's that general list: "The Fortress" (Doubleday, Doran), by Hugh Walpole; "The Georgian House" (Doubleday, Doran), by Frank Swinnerton; "Diana Stair" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Floyd Dell; "Faraway" (Harper), by J. B. Priestley; "Obscure Destinies" (Knopf), by Willa Cather; "The Brief Seduction of Eve" (Doubleday, Doran), by Mathilde Eiker, and "The Ostrekoff Jewels" (Little, Brown), by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

And now that we've reached the end of our fiction list, and see our goal of farewell in sight, we suddenly remember some other books—not novels— which we don't want to omit. We present them regardless of category: "Geography" (Simon & Schuster), by Hendrik Willem Van Loon; "The National Cookbook" (Harpers), by Sheila Hibben, a very present help in trouble if you are in doubt as to what to give your housekeeping friend; "The More I See of Men" (Harpers), edited by Dr. Mabel Ulrich, a collection of essays by representative women embodying their opinions of the other sex, and "Puppets in Yorkshire" (Stokes), by Walter Wilkinson.

Well, we've finished, but not finished. For there has come to hand from the English publisher, Jonathan Cape, who not so long since was putting out some excellent books in America and has always been one of the London publishers most hospitable to the works of Americans, a catalogue containing the titles of his new publications. That Mr. Cape is an astute judge of American literature can be seen from the fact that there are upon his list for this winter Gertrude Atherton's "Adventures of a Novelist," Ernest Hemingway's "Death in the Afternoon," Homer W. Smith's "Kamongo," "Modern American Poems," edited by Louis Untermeyer, and Mr. Untermeyer's other recent anthology, "American Poetry" and "The Best American Short Stories of 1932."

Mr. Cape's list in its entirety is a well-assorted one, containing in addition to such English books as Alexander Bone's "Bowsprit Ashore," A. Duff Cooper's "Talleyrand," Malcolm Elwin's "Thackeray," J. Middleton Murry's "Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence," Desmond Young's "Ship Ashore," H. E. Bates's "The Fallow Land," John B. Brophy's "The Rocky Road," Eric Linklater's "Men of Ness," and H. A. Manhood's "Apples by Night," several of which have already appeared in American editions, such other volumes as Jacques Bainville's "Napoleon," Hans von Eckardt's "Russia," Count Keyserling's "South American Meditations," Guy de Pourtalès's "Wagner," Ramón Pérez de Ayala's "Tiger Juan," and Erich Kastner's "Fabian."

"Virginia Woolf is perhaps the most significant prose-writer of her generation," says a writer in *John o' London's Weekly*, "and not less so because, though intellectually she is what they call a modern, she has never allowed herself to become embroiled in the storm and stress of current controversy. Though as a private individual she must hold as definite opinions on this and that as the rest of us, as an artist she remains serenely detached, having no attention to spare for anything but her true subject."

ERRATA

The Saturday Review regrets that in several recent instances attributions were omitted from photographs that appeared in its columns. The picture of Jean Cocteau was from a photograph by Barbara Ker-Seymer, 19, Kings Road, London, that of Edith Sitwell from a painting by Stella Brown, and that of the Statue of Liberty which recently appeared on our front page from a curious print in which the artist had evidently supplied a background without first-hand knowledge of New York harbor since the Brooklyn Bridge appeared on the wrong side of Bedloe's Island. The picture was rendered available to us through the courtesy of the Old Print Shop.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

S. G. G., *Charles Town, W. Va.*, is looking for a pamphlet of which but one is positively known to be in existence: "My Ride to the Barbecue, or Revolutionary Reminiscences of the Old Dominion," by an ex-member of Congress, published, according to the title-page, by S. A. Rollo, 169-170 Fulton Street, New York City, opposite St. Paul's Church, 1860. The ex-member was Hon. Alexander Boteler of Shepherdstown, West Virginia; after the Civil War a member of the family found one copy of the published volume in a bookstore in New York. Are any more copies to be found?

E. C. E., *Stanford University, Cal.*, says that we should add to the recent list of books pertaining to Indians Mary Austin's "The Children Sing in the Far West," "a unique and delightful contribution to the subject, published by Houghton Mifflin in 1928."

B. B. H., *Sheffield, Pa.*, asks if the novels of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt have been translated into English and are now accessible. So far as I know, only "Germinie Lacerteux," which appeared under several imprints from 1897 on, the latest being that of Page in 1906, and "Renée Mauperin" which I have in English unless my memory deceives me, though I can find no record of it. "The Woman of the Eighteenth Century," a famous work by the Goncourt Brothers, was published by Minton, Balch in a new translation in 1927, with many illustrations.

E. S. A., *New York, wants "jolly, cheerful novels to give to friends (of wide reading habits) who must be made to chuckle—if not to laugh—and thereby to forget momentarily that we've had a depression. I'd like another "Good Companions."* For laughing out loud my advice is "Comic Relief," the anthology of modern humor compiled by R. N. Linscott and just published by Houghton Mifflin. It is nothing to read in the subway, where it is not polite to bust right out upon arriving at Dorothy Parker's "The Garter" or Frank Sullivan's "Life is a Bowl of Eugene O'Neills." There are recent favorites happily retrieved from magazines and selections from familiar books, a choice so varied it would suit anyone save those who must have their fun in pictures. Over most of these books this year I have cast but a sallow eye, being willing to give them all for any two drawings in the peerless "The Seal in the Bedroom, and Other Predicaments," by James Thurber (Harper). How creatures with so few bones can jump at you like that is beyond me.

But matching "Good Companions" out of this year's books is less easy. There is, of course, the choir of sweet singers who may be depended upon for semi-annual variations on the theme of Cinderella. But to go with Priestley's first best-seller a book must be more than sweet; it must be a good novel, less funny than comfortable, trickling on through many pages of pleasant people. On the wave of Mr. Priestley's success with a book people needed so badly, as different—and as much better—a novel as his "Angel Pavement" rose to popularity it would not have had here if people had known in advance how true to life it was. His "Faraway" (Harper) returns in some measure to the earlier model, gets around more but is still cozy. Phil Stong's "State Fair" (Century) kept us reading in this spirit this summer. Some find A. S. M. Hutchinson's "Big Business" (Little, Brown) surpassingly funny; there is no doubt it was meant to be. A. A. Milne finds "For the Delight of Antonio," by Beatrice Curtis-Brown (Houghton Mifflin) the best book he has read in years, and another Houghton author, Denis Mackail, may be depended on for comfortable romances of pleasant young society in London squares —and not always too comfortable either. "A Book with Seven Seals," published anonymously by Farrar & Rinehart, lately kept me reading for days in the off-and-on manner that makes a pleasant book last; this lasts through the childhood and emergence into society of a large Victorian family whose father is the Vicar of Chelsea Old Church.

These are novels not written with the avowed purpose of cheerfulness, but treating the events of some sort of everyday life in a cheerful spirit and with skill in the craft of fiction. One reason why so few appear may be that when they do they last so long. There is always the five-volume Oxford University Press edition of Jane Austen, for instance, so placed that I can step at any moment into a world where the telephone bell never rings, where even the bores—oh, especially the bores—chatter deliciously, and where life is rich for all its quiet and deep for all its apparent trivialities.

The eye of this department is everywhere; you can't even leave a steamship on top of a South American mountain and get away with it unremarked. So soon as the call for information on the fate of S. S. *Wateree* appeared in these columns, news began to come in. The N. Y. State Library said, through *G. G. C.*, that if the reader would consult Appleton's "American Annual Cyclopedia," vol 8, page 226 (1868), he would find a fairly detailed account of the earthquake, tidal wave, and results, with names of officers of the *Wateree*, or he would find, by consulting U. S. House Executive Document, 40th Congress, 3d Session, 1868-69, the report of the Secretary of the Navy on page 32 that gives a full and detailed account of the tidal wave and the catastrophe. And then *I. B. R., of the National Geographic Magazine*, tells me that it has been all this time in an article in that compendium of knowledge, January 1915: "Some Personal Acquaintance with Earthquakes," by Rear-Admiral L. G. Billings (who was attached to the *Watersee*). Copies of this issue are still in print at fifty cents each from the National Geographic Society. *H. W. W., Columbus, O.*, says "I'm pleased to advise having seen the remains of the hulk, some distance inland, at Arica, as far back as 1886 or 1887. If the enquirer will write to the Bureau of Navigation, U. S. Washington, D. C., the information will in all probability be given." *A. L. M. L., New London, Conn.*, saying that an article about it appeared in the old *Scribner's Magazine*, forerunner of the *Century*, sometime in the seventies, adds "An elderly friend of mine was a young naval officer on board one of the escaping ships and was one of the landing party after the waves receded. I remember reading the account and then years later being thrilled to learn it from some one who had been there; I have a few Peruvian mummy beads from a string he found when ashore." And Mr. George Tripp of the New Bedford Public Library contributes:

> As it happens, we have a great deal of first hand information about it here in New Bedford, since Surgeon Winslow was on the ship at the time. He was born in New Bedford and on his retirement from active service with the title of Rear Admiral, retired, he spent, his last years here, dying in 1928. He was very fond of relating the whole story of the loss of the *Wateree*. He might have quoted from Virgil, "Quorum pas magna fui." The whole story of the loss of the *Wateree* is given in the "Romance of the American Navy," by Frederick Stanhope Hill, published by Putnam in 1910. If you are interested, or if your correspondent is particularly interested in the details, I can readily have a typewritten copy made from the book, or a copy of the story as told by Rear Admiral Winslow. It seems that the earthquake was followed by an immense tidal wave which carried the *Wateree* up on the shore, and left it a quarter of a mile above tide water. The ship was left upright without a particle of list, and only one man of the crew was lost. The *Fredonia* lost all her crew with the exception of three or four men. The *Wateree* stayed in the same position for many years, and later was used by the natives as a hotel. I feel much gratified at being allowed the privilege of adding one grain of fact which the omniscient Mrs. Becker lacked.

"There have been cases of voluntary bibliophagy," says the London *Observer*. "Ogier de Busbecq assures us that the Tartars were in the habit of eating books in order to acquire knowledge: perhaps they were more edible books than the Caxton type. In 1626 a small book was found inside a fish caught at Cambridge. It proved to be a volume of essays by John Frith, which were reprinted by order of the Vice-Chancellor, with the title 'Vox Piscis.'"

First Aid to the eleventh-hour Gift Buyer —

Our Times
1909-1914
by
Mark Sullivan

The NEW volume of a famous history and, says *The Boston Herald*, "the best of the lot." The 250 priceless pictures are alone worth the very moderate price of admission. $3.75

Flowering Wilderness
by
John Galsworthy

The new novel by the winner of the 1932 Nobel Prize. A good story, delightfully told. $2.50

Farewell, Miss Julie Logan
by
James M. Barrie

A charming story of the strange winter romance of a Scottish parson and a lovely wraith from the past. An ideal "little gift." $1.00

The March of Democracy
by
James Truslow Adams
author of "The Epic of America"

The facts of our national history, vividly and realistically narrated with 174 unusual illustrations. $3.50

Death in the Afternoon
by
Ernest Hemingway

A gorgeous book on bullfighting, with 84 pictures, that will delight those with a flair for the exotic and different. $3.50

A Creelful of Fishing Stories
selected by
Henry van Dyke

Twenty-seven rousing yarns from Plutarch to John Buchan. "A pleasant book to give to a fishing crony."—*New York Sun.*
Illustrated. $2.50

And for the "small fry"

Uncle Bill
A Tale of Two Kids and a Cowboy
by
Will James
author of "Smoky"

Fun and adventure on a Western ranch with two little tenderfoots—11 and 9—as hero and heroine, and 46 lively James drawings. $2.00

at your bookstore

Scribners

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

HOWS AND WHYS

WHAT TIME IS IT? By *M. Ilin.* Illustrated by *N. Lapshin.* Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1932. $1.50.

From how man came to measure time to the actual workings of the most modern timepieces excitingly told by the author of "The New Russian Primer."

BLACK ON WHITE. By *M. Ilin.* The same.

The story of books, a lively account of how communication of thought developed into the book.

THE STORY OF MONEY. By *Mary D. Carter.* Preface by *Stephen Leacock.* New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $1.25.

A lucid, intelligent A B C of economics.

WHEN YOU GROW UP TO VOTE. By *Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1932. $1.50.

The divisions of our government, the obligations and duties of various public officals and of the people, for the beginning citizen.

AND THAT'S WHY. By *W. Maxwell Reed.* New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1932. $1.25.

Interesting, every-day scientific facts explained clearly and simply for children under ten.

THE FARMER SOWS HIS WHEAT. By *Adele G. Nathan.* New York: Minton, Balch. 1932. $2.

Farming wheat from the hand method to the machine dramatized by the excellent photographic illustrations.

MODERN MERCURIES. *By Lloyd George* and *James Gilman.* New York: McBride. 1932. $3.

The story of communication from smoke signals and tom-toms to air mail and television.

COUNTRIES AND PEOPLE

THESE UNITED STATES AND HOW THEY CAME TO BE. By *Gertrude Hartman.* New York: Macmillan. 1932. $5.

A readable history profusely illustrated with pictures from contemporary sources.

WE THE PEOPLE. By *Leo Huberman.* Illustrated by *T. H. Benton.* New York: Harpers. 1932. $3.50.

A colorful, striding account of our economic history.

OUT OF THE PAST OF GREECE AND ROME. By *Michael I. Rostovtzeff.* New Haven: Yale University Press. 1932. $2.

Vivid sketches of ancient life and times for older boys and girls written by an eminent archæalogist.

THE RISE OF ROME. By *Gordon King.* Illustrated by Gustav Jensen. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1932. $3.50.

The story of Rome from the invasion of the Gauls to the Golden Age of the empire. A book distinguished in appearance and by the stimulating presentation of its subject.

VAN LOON'S GEOGRAPHY. Written and illustrated by *Hendrick W. van Loon.* New York: Simon & Schuster. 1932. $3.75.

When is geography lively and memorable? When Mr. van Loon tells the story of the world we live in.

DISCOVERING CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. By *Charlotte B. Jordan.* Illustrated with documents and photographs collected by the author. New York: Macmillan. 1932. $3.

A search for traces of the hero charges historic Spain with vivid meaning for young American travelers.

FIRECRACKER LAND. By *Florence Ayscough.* Illustrated by *Lucille Douglass.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1932. $3.

A book of unusual flavor for the 'teen age in which a poet-scholar's interpretation of the Chinese world is warmly sprinkled with childhood reminiscences.

ABOUT REAL PERSONS

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS: The Story of a Great Adventure. Told and illustrated by *Edna Potter.* New York: Oxford. 1932. $2.

A sympathetic and attractive introduction to the life of Columbus based on authentic records.

THE UGLY DUCKLING: Hans Christian Andersen. By *Isabel Proudfit.* New York: McBride. 1932. $2.25.

The master story teller's own romantic life told with many references to his tales.

YOUNG LAFAYETTE. By *Jeanette Eaton.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1932. $2.50.

The dramatic story of Lafayette and the part he played in the American Revolution skilfully presented.

THE RAILROAD TO FREEDOM. By *Hildegarde Hoyt Swift.* New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1932. $2.50.

Based on authentic history, this moving story of the colored woman, Harriet Tubman, who worked so valiantly to free her people.

THE ROMANTIC REBEL: The Story of Nathaniel Hawthorne. By *Hildegarde Hawthorne.* New York: Century. 1932. $2.50.

The youth and life of a genius written by his grand-daughter.

FIRST LADIES. By *Kathleen Prindiville.* New York: Macmillan. 1932. $2.50.

The lives of our Presidents' wifes informally told.

HERE COMES BARNUM. P. T. Barnum's Own Story. Introduced by *Helen Ferris.* New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1932. $2.50.

An entertaining book about the famous old showman.

"REAL" FICTION

HEPATICA HAWKS. By *Rachel Field.* New York: Macmillan. 1932. $2.

An excellent, three-dimensional story about the daughter of a giant in Joshua Pollock's Famous Freaks and Fandangos.

SHIPS IN THE BAY! By *D. K. Broster.* Coward-McCann. 1932. $2.50.

Romance and adventure in this absorbing tale of the days of the Irish uprisings in 1796.

KATRINKA GROWS UP. By *Helen Eggleston Haskell.* New York: Dutton. 1932. $2.

A sequel to "Katrinka," her interesting life before and during the Russian Revolution, and how she trained for the Russian Imperial Ballet.

INGRID'S HOLIDAY. By *Signe Linegren.* Translated from the Swedish by *Caroline Schleef.* New York: Macmillan. 1932. $1.75.

A modern girl works in a factory for the summer.

THE YOUNG RAVENELS. By *Elsie Singmaster.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1932. $1.75.

The strain of circumstances is often considerable for the young Ravenels, but their activities are amusing and always well told.

SWIFT RIVERS. By *Cornelia Meigs.* Boston: Little, Brown. 1932. $2.

A first rate story about the adventures of rafting logs from northern Minnesota down the Mississippi in 1835.

ROLLING WHEELS. By *Katherine Grey.* Boston: Little, Brown. 1932. $2.

The overland journey from Indiana to California in 1846, a vivid, full-canvass story.

SWORDS AGAINST CARTHAGE. By *Friedrich Donauer.* Translated from the German by *F. T. Cooper.* New York: Longmans, Green. 1932. $2.

A thrilling tale of the young general Scipio Africanus's campaigns in Southern Spain and in Africa when he defeats the great Hannibal.

YOU FIGHT FOR TREASURE. By *Edouard A. Stackpole.* New York: Morrow. 1932. $2.

Fast moving adventure of treasure hunting in Nantucket, privateers, and Barbary pirates.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. By *George Eliot.* Edited by *Virginia Kirkus.* Drawings by *Allan McNab.* New York: Harper. 1932. $2.50.

RAMONA. By *Helen Hunt Jackson.* Illustrated by *Herbert Morton Stoops.* Boston: Little, Brown. 1932. $3.50.

The Compleat Collector

Fine Books • First Editions • Fine Typography

"Now cheaply bought for twice their weight in gold."

Conducted by

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS & JOHN T. WINTERICH

Marginalia

BROWN UNIVERSITY, as part of its observance of the Washington bicentenary, has issued a facsimile of the *Providence Gazette and Country Journal* for August 21, 1790, wherein is described the first President's visit to the university two days earlier. . . . Catalogue 37 from Edgar H. Wells & Co., 602 Madison Avenue, New York, lists twenty-three Merrymount Press items. . . . Robinson Jeffers's rarer titles decline to clutter the shelves of dealers in modern firsts. . . . Oh, goody, goody! It is an English and not an Amurrican bookseller who has just listed four items as products of the Golden Cockerell (*sic, sic, sic, quaterque sic*) Press. . . . Stanley O. Bezanson of 1 Court Street, Boston, lists at $22.50 the original log of the whaler *Ohio,* out of New Bedford November 10, 1857, and back April 8, 1861, with the essence of seventy-seven whales. . . . And what an earful of news greeted *that* crew! . . . What, by the way, was the first appearance in print of the story of the uncivil Captain Simms? . . . The theft of a third of the original manuscript of "Guy Mannering" from the Columbia University exhibition of Scottana remains as deep a mystery as ever except to whoever has the manuscript. . . . Not so, apparently, the disappearance of valuable manuscripts and books from the Music Library Branch of the New York Public Library, for which two arrests were made December 1st. . . . There was a point nine chuckle in the *Daily Mirror's* account of the Columbia pillage, wherein one Morningside patrolman was made to accost another with the query, "Say, who's this guy Mannering?" . . . A. E. Coppard will write no more introductions to other folks' books, if one credits a letter by him (catalogued at thirty shillings) recently catalogued by the Frank Hollings Bookshop, 7 Great Turnstile, Holborn, London W.C.1, which declares that an unidentified effort in this field put forth by him in 1928 "so made me sweat to produce that I've sworn off any such capers in future." . . . Translations in thirty-five languages form part of the exhibition being held at Leipzig in observance of the centennial of Goethe's death. . . . Check List Number One issued by Harold J. Snyder of 1440 Broadway, New York, "A Catalogue of English and American First Editions, 1911-1932, of D. H. Lawrence," is an eminently preservable handbook. . . . Firsts of "The Good Earth" have been and still are in such steady demand that a copy seems never to have remained in any bookseller's stock long enough to win its way into a catalogue. . . . Instance of fatuous and inept cataloguing: "Holmes, Oliver Wendell—Mechanism in Thought and Morals. (Copies of this edition with author's autograph have sold at $21.00 and $40.00. This copy is not autographed.) First edition, 12mo, brown cloth (worn), Boston, 1871. (Previously marked $5.00) $2.75." . . . A. Edward Newton's printed postal-card indorsement of Agnes Repplier's recently published "To Think of Tea" (Houghton Mifflin) is an authentic Newton item. . . . A copy of "The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent." in the original parts (New York, 1819-20), first issues throughout, was to be sold at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries December 16th with the dispersal of books and manuscripts from the libraries of John Achelis of New York City and John Stuart Groves of Wilmington, Delaware. . . . Catalogue No. 233 issued by James F. Drake, Inc., of 14 West 40th Street, New York, lists at $90 a presentation copy of the Hoover translation of Georgius Agricola's "De Re Metallica" (London, 1912) and appends this note: "The inscription is undated but is probably contemporary with the publication of the book, as it is signed 'H. C. Hoover,' which is an early form of his signature. Of late years he has almost invariably signed himself 'Herbert Hoover.' It is to be noted that this is a genuine presentation copy and not merely an inscribed copy. A number of the latter have come upon the market since Mr. Hoover became President, but copies of the book actually presented by him to his friends are extremely scarce." . . . "Harvard Lyrics and Other Verses, Being Selections of the Best Verse Written by Harvard Undergraduates within the Last Ten Years," selected by Charles Livingstone Stebbins, '97 (Boston, 1899), contains a sonnet, "Menoetes," by "E. A. Robinson, Sp." which has apparently never been included in any collection of the poet's work or listed by any of his bibliographers. . . . Walter M. Hill of 25 East Washington Street, Chicago, in Catalogue 140 lists at $30 George Gissing's copy (with Gissing's signature and the date 1886 on title) of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. . . . Mrs. William G. Perry is giving a course of twenty-one illustrated weekly lectures (the first was November 29th) on manuscript writing and illumination in Western Europe at the Dartmouth Bookstall, 265 Dartmouth Street, Boston. . . . With relative ease and at no considerable expense one could assemble a collection of autograph letters by notables declining invitations to dinner. . . . And forthwith come to mind the names of half a dozen equal or greater notables no one of whom would ever have written any such letter. . . . Carroll A. Wilson acted as vocal bibliographer and Professor Charles G. Osgood presided at the recent opening at Princeton of an exhibition of first editions of Anthony Trollope lent by Morris L. Parrish. . . . During December, January, and February the Lakeside Press of Chicago will conduct at their East 22d Street galleries (also Chicago) an exhibition of twentieth-century etchings and lithographs for which a liberally illustrated catalogue will be issued. . . . The Poe bibliography and first-edition census which has been serialized in *The American Collector* is now available in book form and will be reissued next year in an edition as nearly definite as possible, Charles F. Heartman writes. . . . Mr. Heartman also properly recalls the fact that some fifteen years ago Oscar Wegelin compiled a bibliography of William Gilmore Simms. . . . This Mr. Simms was presumably no kin of the whaling person or of a subsequent namesake in Seattle. . . . Did the Seattler spell his name with one m or two? . . . December 18th will be the one-hundredth anniversary of the death of Philip Freneau. . . . The sale of books from the library of the late Ida O. Folsom of Boston, conducted before full houses at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries December 6th and 7th, realized $59,162. . . . Personal to Ed Hill: Your radio talks are great, but please don't refer to the Gutenberg Bible as "the rarest book in the world."

J. T. W.

A correspondent writes from Berlin to the London *Observer* that "the Gerhart Hauptmann celebrations attending the poet's seventieth birthday found their climax in the announcement that the Prussian State has decided to award an annual Gerhart Hauptmann stipend to one or more literary men whose struggle to live through the period of their creative work should be lightened at least for the period of twelve months.

"These awards will only be made with the consent of Hauptmann himself. Private circles have already subscribed the amount of fifty thousand marks. Hauptmann expressed himself as more than delighted with this birthday gift, more even than by the award of the official gold medal for services rendered to the state, which militarist Prussia has awarded to art or letters only once before. This first recipient was Max Liebermann, the eighty-year-old painter.

"The tragi-comedy of the present dual government in Prussia has never been so clearly revealed as in the fact that both Dr. Bracht, set up as Commissioner by Herr von Papen, and Otto Braun, Premier of the deposed government, sent Hauptmann the official parchment document announcing the award of the state medal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore. 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOKBINDING

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BOOK should wear. A Bennett Binding of Hand-Tooled Imported Leather—Morocco, Levant, or Calf—Modernistic, Period or Conventional Design—According to Date and Content. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., Hand Book-Binders and Wholesale Dealers, 160 East 56th Street, New York City.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MORLEY, McFEE, MENCKEN FIRST EDITIONS. Request catalogue. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FIRST EDITIONS AT PRE-WAR Prices. Catalogue ready. Associated Library Exchange, 15 West 44th Street, New York City.

RARE BOOKS, PRESENTATION Copies, Limited Editions, Catalogues issued. Associated Library Exchange, 15 West 44th Street, New York City.

CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE READY. New, Limited, fine press and de luxe books at half price and less. Associated Library Exchange, 15 West 44th Street, New York City.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK CLUB (10th year), 556 Madison Avenue, New York, offers each month one OUTSTANDING book of LATEST French Fiction. 12 volumes of the best of current French literature only $10.00 a year.

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

KEEP YOUR FRENCH UP-TO-DATE! The FRENCH BOOK CLUB (10th year), 556 Madison Avenue, New York, offers each month one outstanding book of latest French Fiction. 12 volumes of the best of current French literature for only $10.00 a year. To stimulate new membership we will deliver to new subscribers before New Year, ABSOLUTELY FREE, the Christmas number of "L'ILLUSTRATION," or: Clifton's French-English Dictionary, Bible Paper, 1100 pages, morocco bound, regularly sold, $2.50 each, or "Grammaire de l'Académie Francaise."

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM WITH suggestions for revision—specific editorial comments. Letitia S. Pendleton, 17 East 96th Street, New York.

DETAILED CRITICISM OF ANY manuscript; 40c thousand words, minimum $1.50. Special rate for books. Marketing—10% commission after sale. Typing, editing, at nominal rates. WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK, 251 Lexington Avenue.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections, publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"SEVEN BOOKHUNTERS," Station H, Box 66, New York City. Experienced specialists in out-of-print Books and Special Subjects. Quotations free. Send want lists.

TYPOGRAPHY

S. A. JACOBS, THE HALFMOON PRESS. Books of all kinds printed in the handsomest and most correct manner. 3 Milligan Pl., New York.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

The ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified page are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G.H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

ALABAMA

Lewis Follett supplies us with two good paragraphs from the Deep South:—

Arthur Herman, born and raised in Birmingham, Alabama, has met with instant success in his masterly biography of Metternich. *M. B. Gottlieb,* owner and manager of the Studio Book Shop in Birmingham, says Mr. Herman first shopped his book all over America and it was refused. After it was accepted by Allen and Unwin of London, the Century Company, the first to turn it down in this country, was the first to ask to print it in America. Herman is now writing a life of *Tchaikowsky.* A musician of no mean ability and possessed with keen sensibilities, he is well equipped for his subject. Arthur Herman says his secret ambitions are "to play the violin like Mischa Elman; to know as much about the master fiddle makers as Messers Hill of London; to write like Sir Thomas More; to have the passion of Nietzsche; the information of Lord Acton; the eloquence of Burke; the charm of Fox; the power of Frederick the Great; the heart of Epictetus, and be My-Self."

Welbourn Kelley, white man, aged twenty-three, of Dothan, Alabama, has recently published his first book, "Inchin' Along" (William Morrow & Co.). The title is taken from an old negro spiritual, one that was most efficacious in making a whole congregation, a small chorus, or even a solo singer "get happy," by reason of its emphatic promise to the humble, and its insistently haunting melody.

Just-a inchin' along,
Just-a inchin' along.
Just-a inchin' along like a po' inch-worm—
'Twell do Lawd come git me by an' by.
Yes, oh Lawd!
'Twell de Lawd take me home on high.

Welbourn Kelley is a journalist by inheritance, his father having once edited a paper in Dothan. Young Kelley took his career in his own hands at the age of thirteen and worked in a logging camp, as a truck driver, a restaurant keeper, and at several other vocations, until at the ripe age of eighteen he landed a job with the *Montgomery Advertiser.* From Montgomery he went to New York (at nineteen), where he accepted the position of office boy on the *New York American!* At twenty he became assistant telegraph editor, the youngest person to hold the position on that paper.

IOWA

Mrs. L. Worthington Smith of Des Moines says the circulating libraries report the following books as most in demand lately: "Peking Picnic," "Forgive Us Our Tresspasses," "The Fountain," "The Sheltered Life," "Lark Ascending," Hugh Walpole's last books, "More Merry-Go-Round," "The Epic of America," and "Only Yesterday." She continues:—

Iowa Farmers, man, woman and child, read the books that circulate through the rural districts from the small town library. One librarian estimates that those books that are reserved for the farm travel library require new bindings twice as often as do those that circulate in town.

For the last six months I have been listing Iowans as they are published in current periodicals. More than three hundred items by Iowa writers have come to my attention during this time. Periodicals that are publishing these Iowa authors include the *Saturday Review of Literature, Saturday Evening Post, Atlantic Monthly, Ladies Home Journal, National Spotlight, Christian Science Monitor, Cosmopolitan, Vanity Fair, Midland Monthly, Country Gentleman, Better Homes and Gardens, House and Garden, McCall's, Christian Century, Poetry, Poetry World* and *Contemporary Vision, American Poetry Magazine,* and *The Step Ladder.*

The Anthologist has come to look for a bumper crop of poets in Iowa. "Silk of the Corn," the State Federation of Women's Clubs collection, contains poetry by eighty-two women who have been printing from one to fifty years.

Three members of the Iowa Press and Authors Club are represented in "20 *Best Stories*." and O'Brien gives Iowa more than her quota of "Best Stories" again this year.

KANSAS

After remarking that literature has rather hard sledding out in Kansas, *Edwin N. Bruce* writes:—

One oasis is Smalley's Bookstore at McPherson. Mr. Smalley is such a devotee of good art and good books that he allowed his other store in Kansas City to be closed. To many this might seem to reflect upon Kansas City rather than upon Mr. Smalley. Now he seems to have concentrated upon his last stronghold of art and good books in this little college town of perhaps ten thousand population. Indeed when one enters the store, he is not greeted by the effrontery, "Can I help you, please?" but by the almost ascetic Mr. Ostrum, who merely conveys to you that if there is nothing you want immediately you are welcome to idle around, admire *Birger Sandzen's* modernistic paintings, look through the etchings, examine various imported china and pottery, or, if you desire direction, he will show you some interesting old first editions, and spot a few passages that far surpass most modern writing.

If one wonders how on earth such a store can keep its doors open in such a small town, he is told by Mr. Ostrum that people "all over the country know of the store, and that it is a sort of anticipated detour people look forward to, as they cross the state." Mr. Smalley is more interested in art, while the interest of Mr. Ostrum runs to books. The latter might be called a classicist in his literary tastes.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

From *Mrs. Ella Shannon Bowles* we learn:—

"Mark your family heirlooms, that future generations may know something of the history of your treasured beaded bag, pewter platter, and ladder-back chair," says *Mrs. Eva A. Speare* of Plymouth, a former state president of the New Hampshire State Federation of Women's Clubs. As chairman of the Folklore Committee, Mrs. Speare has "marked" the old tales of New Hampshire life by editing "Folk Tales of New Hampshire," brought out by the Stephen Daye Press of Brattleboro, Vermont, in an edition bearing the Federation seal in silver upon a green cover. The one hundred and fifty stories include Indian legends, pioneer tales and stories of witches and of famous people and were contributed by club women throughout the state.

In his Franconia home facing Mt. Lafayette, Profile Mountain, and Kinsman, *Ernest Poole* is completing the first draft of a novel which at present he calls, "Great Winds." Although the background is that of the changing world, the environment in which Mr. Poole works has colored the immediate foreground and his characters enact their parts in an old homestead in the White Mountains. In September, Macmillan published his book, "Nurses on Horseback."

TEXAS

The following items come from *Lois Boyle* of Fort Worth:—

Two books of consequence from Texas authors are: "Rallie Burns," an account of the Ranching Industry on the South Plains, by *W. C. Holden* (The Southwest Press, Dallas). Dr. Holden, professor of history at Texas Technological College, thinks the book should have been written by *J. Evetts Hailey,* the young Texan who already has to his credit several volumes dealing with pioneer Texas days. The book contains many a good yarn as well as providing source material for those interested in the era of cattle expansion in Texas. Next comes "Texas Camel Tales" by *Chriss Emmett* (Naylor Printing Co., San Antonio, Texas), containing incidents springing from an attempt by the War Department of the United States to foster an uninterrupted flow of commerce through Texas by the use of camels. The story is clearly written, and not only contains interesting character sketches of the early folk of the community but is of sound historical value. Mr. Emmett is a lawyer and resides in San Antonio.

A WARNING TO HUSBANDS

If you find your wife reading BEFORE THE FACT, take it away quickly and burn it. She either won't be able to sleep nights or she will begin looking at you with dread when you are most affectionate with her—or both. The story of Lina and Johnny Aysgarth is not one to be taken lightly or begun after dark—especially when you realize that there are 250,000 murderers in this country who have never been caught.

BEFORE THE FACT by Francis Iles (*pseudonym of a famous author*) is the December Selection of the Crime Club and is published by DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. Ben Ray Redman says of it in *The Saturday Review:* "It is a thriller of so high an order that one may be proud to acknowledge being thrilled by it." At all bookstores—$2.00

THE ESKIMOS

by Edward Moffat Weyer, Jr.

This study of Eskimo life is a thrilling account of man's survival under the most adverse conditions. Vilhjalmur Stefansson says of this book: "Nothing like it exists!"

Illustrated $5.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

For amusement or delight, whether inspired by intellectual curiosity, snobbish modernism, or esthetic eclectism, read "The Gloomy Egoist," a study of moods and themes of melancholy from the times of Gray to those of Keats, by Eleanor M. Sickels. Price, $4.75. Published by Columbia University Press.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

WANTED—One copy each of Jenkinson's "Vertebrate Embryology" and "Experimental Embryology." Oxford. Clarendon Press. Reply Box 98.

BINDERS for your Saturday Review numbers. Gold stamped, black buckram, wire fasteners, handy way to file the copies as issued, or the back files. Postpaid $1.50. Mendoza Book Co., 15 Ann St., N. Y. C.

AMATEUR collector wants information on sources of items allied in subject to Colman's "Rodiad." Box 96.

RED FLANNELS—Darling, why so silent? Hope you are well. Love. Sally.

CHEERIO! (Young) middle-aged (single) American gentle-man, returned from long foreign residence and—as the French put it, "Très Sérieux," would welcome companionship of well informed (if not *too* "high-brow"); *personable* (if not *too* "pretty"), young lady, either American or foreign, living in New York or vicinity. Please address "Cheerio," *Saturday Review.*

THE POSTMAN didn't stop, and I wondered, are there others, men and women, middle-aged and past, who need a friendly letter, to help life along, as I do. If there are, let's write, about everything and nothing. Address, Susan Drew, General Delivery, St. Paul, Minnesota.

PROFESSOR of English Literature, Maister Doctor Leslie Hotson, really ought to reimburse the Foundation that financed his junket to England for the doctor did not deliver the goods. After a year's stay in the heart of English Literature he failed to learn that "Marlowe" was only the pen-name of Edward De Vere. Truly sad to relate, the doctor, like his colleagues at Yale, Harvard, Stanford, California, my college; and dear Doctor Rosenbach's college, Pennsylvania, shuns the truth as if it were poison. American scholarship is at a low ebb when its leaders avoid fact. MERRY CHRISTMAS. George Frisbee.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

IN confabulation the other day with an editor friend of ours we were discussing the most grievous incidents in our careers. "Well," he said—call him Bill Colophon—"I can tell you of one episode that might have had far more serious consequences for me than it did; but I believe its upshot to have been fortunate inasmuch as thereby I unwittingly discouraged a perfectly nice young woman from accumulating headaches over the practice of literature. You know how those pleasing females swarm on the outskirts of published poetry and prose, always with plenty of promise, and finally pick up a dollar here and there doing book reviews, when they'd actually have a far better time getting married off—bang!—and settling down in the suburbs. Well, here's the case of one.

"It *would* fall to my lot to run into Mrs. Broadbeam that day, the last person on earth I wished to see. For a very embarrassing thing had happened to me. The Swaynes' penthouse party of the night before had been a great success and had kept me up a bit late. Endeavoring to reorganize myself next morning in what the far-too-brazen sunlight assured me was still the A. M., I had decided to wear my dark blue suit (so germane it was to my mood!), and I'm afraid I had hung up my evening clothes rather carelessly the night before. I am not color-blind, but closets are dark, and dressing was a struggle. It was not until I was in the Subway, going up to Times Square, that I realized with quite a jolt that whereas my coat and vest were of the blue suit, my trousers appeared to be a shade darker and had a most damnable braid stripe down the side.

"Several appointments made it imperative that I get to the office quickly. What should I do? Seeing a Western Union sign, I decided to send a messenger for the proper trousers. It was then eleven o'clock. At one of the little desks where you write telegrams sat Mrs. Augustus Broadbeam. I slipped quickly into a chair and bent my head over a telegraph blank, hoping that my hat would shield me. Not at all. 'Why, good morning, Rossiter!' she cried with positive abandon, 'I was about to wire you. I just ran into Gladys Troutwell on the street and I'm sending her in to see you. The dear child is *so* anxious to talk over her work with someone. I *knew* you'd be kind to her. Well, I must go!' She stood up. Of course, I should have risen too, but the stigma sartorial glued me to my chair. I stammered and raised my hat. '*Troutwell,*' Mrs. Broadbeam emphasized, the name, majestically standing over me. 'You know, the Baltimore Troutwells. I really think the girl has genuine talent. And she's such a sweet lamb.'

"'Exactly, sweet lamb!' I murmured.

"After I saw Mrs. Broadbeam pass the window under full sail I staggered up and to the counter. 'I mess a wantager,' I said—but why go into my further embarrassments. I finally made them understand. Then I hastened over to my office to telephone my maid and instruct her what to do about the messenger when he arrived. I kept safely behind my desk. At lunch time I had some sandwiches sent in. By two-thirty I was worried. I telephoned my apartment again, but now the maid had gone and there was no answer. It was two-forty. Two-fifty-five. I clasped a clammy brow with clammier palms. Then the 'phone rang and the office operator informed me that a Western Union mercury was there with a package. 'Send him right in!'

"I had the box and he was out of the office. Hastily I locked the door and almost leapt out of the offending trousers, removing my braces. I tore the wrapping from the box and snatched its contents forth. Then I moaned like a dove in an immemorial elm. I don't know what it is about the Swedish intelligence! Truda had sent me up my other pair of *dress* trousers! And the phone rang at that moment. The office operator said there was a young lady to see me.

"I plunged once more into the black garments. I hustled the others, in their box, out of sight. Then I realized that I had reached that point of suffering where numbness supervenes. I experienced no further sensation. I thought I had been panicked far beyond necessity. After all, the coat was dark. In a bad light—ah, that was it! A bad light! I hastily drew down the blind of the window. It mitigated the cheery aspect of my office somewhat. I decided to stand behind my desk and shake hands that way. But there came a knock on the door. I realized I had locked it. Of course the key stuck. 'One second!' I called. Then I opened it in something of a fluster. One of the prettiest girls I have ever seen stepped inside. And at that moment it was borne in upon me unmistakably that I had omitted to put my braces on again. With my left hand in my pocket I hitched up my waistband, and shot forward my right hand in welcome. 'Oh, how-dye-do!' I cried nervously, while I felt my lip clinging to my upper teeth in what must have been a smile of what the French call *fausse bonhomie.* I almost pushed the young lady into a chair in front of the desk and crab-scuttled behind it. I sat down just in time.

"The young lady essayed a smile, but it was erratic and quivering. She looked around toward the door. 'Ah, yes,' I began, with a struggle for the jovial, the avuncular, the entirely disarming, 'Do everything I can for you! Make yourself perfectly at home!' Then my gaze followed hers, and I realized that my braces were coiled like a serpent in the middle of the floor in full view. She seemed to think it an extremely odd place for them.

"'Mrs. Broadbeam said she spoke to you,' she began in a low voice. 'I'm Miss Troutwell—I—' but her voice broke and her eyes returned to those damnable braces. Action on my part was imperative. But if I got up—! Then a brilliant idea occurred to me. There was a ball of twine in the upper right-hand drawer of my desk. There were scissors. To a clever man it would be the work of an instant surreptitiously to open the drawer, extract the twine, cut off a reasonable length, slump down in my chair somewhat, and bind my traitor trousers around my middle. Then I could safely arise and remove the offending braces from the floor. I put forward a stealthy hand, under cover of the desk top, and slowly began to slide open the desk-drawer.

"'You are a writer?' I meanwhile inquired pleasantly. 'Ah yes, a beginning author. Just so.' (Something had jammed in the drawer and made it stick.) 'I *love* writers' I began again, tugging. 'I mean, writers interest me. *I* am a writer. I am a—goddamn it!' (I could have cut my tongue out at the ejaculation, but the scissors in the drawer had scratched my intruding hand.) 'Some of the greatest writers,' I began again, and looked up with what I hoped was a bright smile to put her at her ease. She was, however, shrinking back in her chair, and had grown distinctly paler. 'There, there,' I said, 'just a minute. Don't be alarmed!'

"It was certainly the wrong thing to say. And the fact that the impediment in the drawer now suddenly gave way and the whole contraption shot into my lap, didn't help the situation much. But I had the scissors! They were large office shears. In my relief I'm afraid I rather flashed them forth.

"I'm sure I don't know what she thought they were or what I was going to do with them. After all, you don't usually make a murderous attack upon a person with *scissors.* It must have been the whole appearance of the thing. '*What are you doing!*' she exclaimed sharply. 'Just that confounded cord, now,' I cried, rather in a jitter. 'I love writers, you know,' I beamed at her again, although I am afraid it wasn't much of a beam. 'Ah!' I cried with some excuse for my gloating tone, after all I had suffered. 'There it is!'

"As I reached for the ball of twine, she rose hastily, and I never saw a girl get out of a room so fast. The telephone operator told me she went by like a blur. I sat dumbfounded. Then I locked the door again and put on my braces.

"Mrs. Broadbeam hasn't the slightest sense of humor and it took me months properly to explain myself to her. But, anyway, she tells me that young Miss Troutwell has entirely given up the idea of writing and gone in for interior decorating instead!"

THE PHŒNICIAN.

Two Countries Praise

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE

by Radclyffe Hall

America — England

The Bookman
"Whole chapters are worthy to be included in some anthology of narrative masterpieces."

Chicago Tribune
"If there is a more beautifully recorded description of human compassion I have not seen it."

Philadelphia Record
"Here is a book that for sheer beauty of expression, for simplicity of phrase and skill in writing stands out like a giant mountain."

Boston Evening Transcript
"It is a story so extraordinarily powerful in some of its scenes that they seem to be etched with that same pain which destroys Christophe."

Sunday Referee
"On the strength of this new book I feel justified in proclaiming her to be a woman of genius."

London Star
"If it had been published a century ago, it would by now hold a unique position among the classics."

London Week-End Review
"A wonderful evocation of the Provencal scene."

London National Review
"A fine and strangely moving story which never drags."

Manchester Chronicle
"Unfolded subtly with deep reverence and great distinction of style."

$2.50 HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

WHAT IS A *"human being"?*

This is the most beautiful and exciting book Christopher Morley has ever written. Exciting because it is in a sense a man-hunt ("Most elusive of Big Game, how does one track the human animal?") Beautiful because it is an inspired inventory of life—and a haunting definition of the thing called "human being." . . .

"A whispering in the steam pipes on a cold night; dust sifted through a locked window; one or the other half of an unsolved equation; a pun made by God; an ingenious assembly of portable plumbing; a folder of Unfinished Business; a mob of intuitions governed by foreigners; a parliamentary body in which the minority is always right; a tropical island with a high protective tariff; the only animal concerned to identify itself."

$2.50 *Fifth Large Printing*
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

HUMAN BEING
by Christopher Morley

This Year - - - Give Books

BOOKS carry the true spirit of Christmas giving. They last a long time and they cost little. This year it is not hard to find just the right book for everyone on your holiday list, for the shops are full of interesting new books and old favorites in attractive new editions.

CONSULT YOUR BOOKSELLER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED